
DIBDIN's SELECTED SONGS.

A COLLECTION

OF

SONGS

SELECTED FROM THE WORKS OF

THE LATE MR. J. H. STODOLSKY

II

THE AUTHOR HAS BEEN ENABLED TO BRING OUT THIS VOLUME IN A MORE COMPLETE AND ACCURATE MANNER THAN THE FIRST

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR THE AUTHOR

AND SOLD BY HIM AT HIS WARRENHOUSE, NO. 11, ST. MARK'S LANE, LONDON.

1840.

OPPOSITE THE ABELIAN

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Mr. DIBDIN.

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YET STILL AM I ENABLED TO BRING UP IN LIFE'S REAR. G. Pen.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR THE AUTHOR:

AND SOLD BY HIM AT HIS WAREHOUSE, NO. 411,
STRAND,

OPPOSITE THE ADELPHI.

DEDICATION.

TO WILLIAM BLAIR, ESQ.

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423



DEDICATION.

TO WILLIAM DAVIS, ESQ.

Sir,

*If ever dedication had a legitimate motive,
this has.*

The recollection of a friend's having witnessed the first dawnings of my poetical and musical ideas—his kind partiality to them—his friendship and liberality in promoting a scheme for my benefit—his handsome conduct in forgetting that, at the instigation of unprincipled men, I believed him to have been unfaithful to his promises : In fine, the variety of instances in which he has proved himself such a friend as no man but myself could ever boast of :—

These not only point out the most perfect propriety in my making an acknowledgment of my obligations, but would also mark me as very unworthy of them if I neglected to seize so becoming an opportunity of inviting the public to bear testimony to my high sense of such kindness.

You, Sir, are the friend thus described. The facts I have spoken of exist. And, as I flatter myself you will allow that ingratitude makes no part of my disposition, it cannot surprize you that I endeavour to do you common justice.

So well, however, do I know you, that you will wonder I should conceive it necessary to mention those kindnesses as a favour which you conferred for your own gratification.

I beg leave, nevertheless, to be excused if I put in my claim for a little gratification too; for, as nothing ever gave me more pleasure than this proper address—the spirit of which, I beg leave to assure you, is as pure

as honour, and the letter as sincere as truth—so I know
nothing that could have been a severer mortification to
me than to have been prevented from the satisfaction of
thus telling you how truly

I am

Your highly obliged friend,

And very grateful humble servant,

Strand, April 14, 1790.

C. DIBDIN.

PREFACE

So many opinions have been expressed by writers on the subject of the following work, that it would be almost a task impossible in the following pages to do justice to such opinions, were I to do more than to state the points to which I refer in this paper, and the paper is much briefer as to its object than many papers without giving them their entitled no-

There I did not in possession. I might say that my opinion, that "the master would be as well as the slave," and indeed, were it not for the sake of simple truth and common sense, I should not have said as much. But what would the natural to hunger as hunger, and what would the lack to satisfy but the slavery of their appetites?

As, however, there is something for every material in attending to whatever in the highest degree re- gards the public, I shall go a little into this business.

PREFACE.

So many opinions have been hazarded, by cavillers, on the subject of the following songs, that it would be almost a tacit acquiescence in the folly, ignorance, and absurdity of such opinions, were I to do myself and the public so much injustice as to let this opportunity pass without giving them their merited notice.

Were I disposed to pleasantry, I might say with my Irishman, that "the proper notice would be no notice at all:"—and, indeed, were it not for the sake of simple truth and common justice, such calumniators might as well pass unregarded; for envy is as natural to dunces as hunger, and what should they seek to satisfy but the cravings of their appetites?

As, however, there is something seriously material in attending to whatever in the slightest degree regards the public, I shall go a little into this business,

PREFACE.

if it be only to shew how tiny and ineffectual are the yelpings of these literary curs, who, like true mongrels, never open but to do mischief.

It is remarkable that, throughout my whole public career, I have been nibbled at the heel by these mongrels of the muses, these slinking snarlers, who, the reverse of the dogs that guarded the fane of Diana, fawn upon vice, and cherish every thing but virtue.

When I composed the music of the Padlock, the try was that I employed some Italian, for fifty pounds, to do that of which I was incapable. I smiled with contempt at the rumour, and the public very soon did me justice.

After this I had the temerity to write for myself.

The villany of such an action was unpardonable; and it was immediately resolved to brand me with an aspersion as false as it was invidious. Here I was obliged to assert my claim to a public hearing; and the consequence was, the town chose to allow that I

had as much right as any other person to the privileges of a subject, and the feelings of a man.

This terrible disappointment to the snarlers awed them into a kind of sulky growl, which has never since broke out but very partially; and as petulance and foreneis generally interpret every thing the wrong way, and defeat their own ends, so the malignity of their sarcasms have not been more remarkable than their folly. They have attributed my sea songs to men who knew no more of nautical terms than an English failor does of art or hypocrisy; they have made more blunders in detecting my Irish songs than the songs contain themselves; and in the investigation of my hunting songs they have been perpetually at fault.

A friend of mine, one evening, dropt in at a coffee-house where a number of these literary jurymen were holding an inquest over my murdered reputation.—He humoured the jest, and, before he had finished, proved, to the satisfaction of every one present, that

PREFACE:

Poor Jack was a posthumous work of Dr. Johnson, that the Race Horse was written by the jockey who rode the famous Flying Childers, and that Blow high Blow low was the production of Admiral Keppel, who dictated the words to his secretary as he lay in his cot, after the memorable battle of the twenty-seventh of July, waiting for the French to try their force with him handsomely the next morning.

But the mischief of it is, these poor devils cannot discern that all they do to injure me gives me real consequence. The public are always sure to take up a man at whom the shafts of rancour are levelled. If his efforts be nothing more than inoffensive, he is secure of protection in favour of his intentions; if meritorious, they know too well their own dignity not to rank him according to his deserts.

To that public I would make a solemn declaration that I am the sole author of every thing this book contains, but that they too well know the hue of truth

PREFACE.

to need an elucidation of it by any light I can place
it in. As however I do not wish to crush this vermin
on the contrary, I would have them crawl and nibble,
for vermin are as necessary in the system of literature
as in the system of the creation—I am willing to allow
that there are plenty of faults in this work.

Yet, lest such reptiles should extend any fang with
pleasure at these delicious tidings, I must insist that I
could very often have written better had it not been for
musical necessity, which, in some instances, precludes
nerve, and, in others, requires it, when the reverse
would probably have made the poetry read better.

All these considerations are very safe with the
public at large, to whom I never can address myself
without confessing more incapacity of expression than
is attributed to me by the sourness of my heart-burnt
enemies.

PRIVACY.

To these poor creatures, did I wish their deserts,
I should be more cruel and injurious than they
have it in their power to be to me.

DIBDIN'S

SELECTED SONGS.

SONG.

IN THE WEDDING RING.

I saw what seem'd a harmless child,
With wings and bow,
And aspect mild,
Who fobb'd, and sigh'd, and pin'd,
And begg'd I would some boon bestow
On a poor little boy stone blind.

Not aware of the danger, I instant comply'd,
When he drew from his quiver a dart,
Cry'd
'My power you shall know;'
Then he levell'd his bow,
And wounded me right in the heart.

THE MILLER'S DAUGHTER.

IN THE DESERTER.

THERE was a miller's daughter
Liv'd in a certain village,
Who made a mighty slaughter :—
For I'd have you to know,
Both friend and foe,
The clown and the beau,
She always laid low ;
And her portion, as I understand,
Was three acres of land,
Besides a mill,
That never stood still,
Some sheep and a cow,
A harrow and plough,
And other things for tillage :—
What d'ye think of the miller's daughter ?

II.

This miller's pretty daughter
Was a damsel of such fame, fir,
That knights and squires sought her ;
But they soon were told
That some were too bold,

And some too cold,
And some too old ;
And she gave them to understand
That, though they were grand,
She'd never be sold :
For says Betty, says she,
' Since my virtue to me
' Is dearer than gold,
' You may go from whence you came, fir.'
What d'ye think of my miller's daughter.

III.

But when this miller's daughter
Saw Ned, the morrice dancer,
His person quickly caught her ;
For who so clean
Upon the green,
As Ned was seen,
For her his queen :—
Then blithe as a king,
His bells he'd ring,
And dance, and sing,
Like any thing :—
Says he, ' My life,
' Woot be my wife ?'
A blush, and yes, was Betty's answer.
What d'ye think of my miller's daughter ?

DIBDIN'S SELECTED SONGS.

SONG.

IN THE WATERMAN.

Two youths for my love are contending in vain ;
 For, do all they can,
 Their sufferings I rally, and laugh at their pain :
 Which, which is the man
 That deserves me the most ? Let me ask of my heart,
 Is it Robin, who smirks, and who dresses so smart ?
 Or Tom, honest Tom, who makes plainness his plan ?
 Which, which is the man ?

II.

Indeed, to be prudent, and do what I ought,
 I do what I can :—
 Yet surely pappa and mamma are in fault ;
 To a different man
 They, each, have advis'd me to yield up my heart :
 Mamma praises Robin, who dresses so smart ;
 Pappa honest Tom, who makes plainness his plan :
 Which, which is the man ?

III.

Be kind then, my heart, and but point out the youth,
 I'll do what I can

His love to return, and return it with truth;

Which, which is the man?

Be kind to my wishes, and point out, my heart,

Is it Robin, who smirks, and who dresses so smart?

Or Tom, honest Tom, who makes plainness his plan?

Which, which is the man?

BALLAD.

IN THE WATERMAN.

AND did you not hear of a jolly young waterman,
Who at Black-friar's bridge used for to ply;
And he feather'd his oars with such skill and dexterity,
Winning each heart, and delighting each eye.

He look'd so neat, and he row'd so steadily,
The maidens all flock'd in his boat so readily,
And he eyed the young rogues with so charming an air,
That this waterman ne'er was in want of a fare.

II.

What fights of fine folks he oft row'd in his wherry,
'Twas clean'd out so nice, and so painted withal;
He was always first oars when the fine city ladies
In a party to Ranelagh went, or Vauxhall.

And oftentimes would they be giggling and leering,
But 'twas all one to Tom, their gibing and jeering,
For loving, or liking, he little did care,
For this waterman ne'er was in want of a fare.

III.

And yet, but to see how strangely things happen,
As he row'd along thinking of nothing at all,
He was ply'd by a damsel so lovely and charming,
That she smil'd and so straightway in love he did fall.

And would this young damsel but banish his sorrow,
He'd wed her to-night before to-morrow :
And how should this waterman ever know care,
When he's marry'd, and never in want of a fare.

BALLAD.

IN THE WATERMAN.

THEN farewel my trim-built wherry,
Oars, and coat, and badge, farewel ;
Never more at Chelsea ferry
Shall your Thomas take a spell.

II.

But to hope and peace a stranger,
In the battle's heat I'll go,
Where, expos'd to every danger,
Some friendly ball shall lay me low.

III.

Then, may-hap, when homeward steering,
With the news my mefs-mates come,
Even you, the story hearing,
With a sigh, may cry—poor Tom!

BALLAD.

IN THE WATERMAN.

INDEED, Miss, such sweet-hearts as I am,
I fancy you'll meet with but few ;
To love you more true I defy them,
I always am thinking of you.

There are maidens would have me in plenty,
Nell, Cicely, Priscilla, and Sue,
But instead of all these were there twenty,
I never should think but of you.

8 DIBDIN'S SELECTED SONGS.

II.

False hearts all your money may squander,
And only have pleasure in view ;
Ne'er from you a moment I'll wander,
Unless to get money for you.

The tide, when 'tis ebbing or flowing,
Is not to the moon half so true;
Nor my oars to their time when I'm rowing,
As my heart, my fond heart, is to you.

BALLAD.

IN THE COBLER.

'Twas in a village, near Castlebury,
A cobbler and his wife did dwell ;
And for a time no two so merry,
Their happiness no tongue can tell.

But to this couple, the neighbours tell us,
Something did happen that caus'd much strife,
For, going to a neighb'ring alehouse,
The man got drunk and beat his wife.

II.

But though he treated her so vilely,
What did this wife, good creature, do?
Kept snug, and found a method sly,
To wring his heart quite through and through:
For Dick the tapster, and his master,
By the report that then was rife,
Were both in hopes, by this disaster,
To gain the cobbler's pretty wife.

III.

While things went on to rack and ruin,
And all their furniture was fold,
She seem'd t' approve what each was doing,
And got from each a purse of gold.
So when the cobbler's cares were over,
He swore to lead an alter'd life,
To mind his work, ne'er be a rover,
And love no other but his wife.

BALLAD.

IN THE SERAGLIO.

THE world's a strange world, child, it must be confess'd
 We all of distress have our share;
 But since I must struggle to live with the rest,
 By my troth 'tis no great matter where.

We all must put up with what fortune has sent,
 Be therefore ones lot poor or rich;
 So there is but a portion of ease and content,
 By my troth 'tis no great matter which.

II.

A living's a living, and so there's an end;
 If one honestly gets just enow,
 And something to spare for the wants of a friend,
 By my troth 'tis no great matter how.

In this world about nothing we busy'd appear,
 And, I've said it again and again,
 Since quit it one must, if ones conscience is clear,
 By my troth 'tis no great matter when.

RONDEAU.

IN THE SERAGLIO.

Blow high, blow low, let tempests tear
The main-mast by the board;
My heart, with thoughts of thee, my dear,
And love well stor'd,
Shall brave all danger, scorn all fear,
The roaring winds, the raging sea,
In hopes on shore
To be once more
Safe moor'd with thee.

Aloft while mountains high we go,
The whistling winds that scud along,
And the surge roaring from below,
Shall my signal be
To think on thee,
And this shall be my song:

Blow high, blow low, &c.

And on that night when all the crew
The mem'ry of their former lives,
O'er flowing cans of flip renew,
And drink their sweethearts and their wives,

I'll heave a sigh, and think on thee ;
And, as the ship rolls through the sea,
The burthen of my song shall be,
Blow high, blow low, &c.

BALLAD.

IN THE SERAGLIO.

THE little birds, as well as you,
I've mark'd with anxious care,
How free their pleasures they pursue,
How void of every care.
But birds of various kinds you'll meet,
Some constant to their loves ;
Are chatt'ring sparrows half so sweet
As tender, cooing doves ?

II.

Birds have their pride, like human kind,
Some on their note presume,
Some on their form, and some you'll find
Fond of a gaudy plume.

Some love a hundred ; some you'll meet
Still constant to their loves ;
Are chatt'ring sparrows half so sweet
As tender, cooing doves ?

RONDEAU.

IN THE SERAGLIO.

THE signal to engage shall be
A whistle and a hollow,
Be one and all but firm like me,
And conquest soon will follow.

You Gunnel keep the helm in hand,
Thus, thus boys, steady, steady ;
Till right a head you see the land,
Then, soon as we are ready,

The signal, &c.

Keep boys a good look out, d'ye hear,
'Tis for old England's honour ;
Just as you've brought your lower tier
Broadside to bear upon her,

The signal, &c.

All hands then, lads, the ship to clear,
Load all your guns and mortars,
Silent as death th' attack prepare,
And, when your all at quarters,
The signal, &c.

SONG.

IN POOR VULCAN.

VENUS now no more behold me,
But an humble village dame,
Coarse and homely trappings fold me,
And Mistress Maudling is my name.
Yet here no less is paid that duty
Ever due to Venus' worth,
Not more insensible of beauty
Than gods in heaven are men on earth.

BALLAD.

IN POOR VULCAN.

THAT nature's every where the same,
Each passing day discovers;
For that in me,
Some charms they fee,
Behold me, though a country dame,
Leading a crowd of lovers.

II.

My sporting squire to keep at bay
The course I'll double over;
While he, intent
On a wrong scent,
Shall always find me stole away
When he cries 'Hark to cover.'

III.

With new-coin'd oaths, my grenadier,
May think to storm and bluster,
And swear by Mars,
My eyes are stars
That light to love:—he'll soon find here
Such stuff will ne'er pass muster.

IV.

Thus will I serve those I distrust,
First laugh at, then refuse 'em.

But, ah ! not so

The shepherd Joe :—

He like Adonis look'd, when first
I press'd him to my bosom.

BALLAD.

IN POOR VULCAN.

THE moment Aurora peep'd into my room,
I put on my cloaths, and I call'd to my groom ;
And, my head heavy still, from the fumes of last night,
Took a bumper of brandy to set all things right ;
And now were well saddled Fleet, Dapple, and Grey,
Who seem'd longing to hear the glad sound hark away.

II.

Will Whistle by this had uncoupl'd his hounds,
Whose extacy nothing could keep within bounds :
First forward came Jowler, then Scentwell, then Snare,
Three better staunch harriers ne'er started a hare ;

Then Sweetlips, then Driver, then Staunch, and then
Tray,
All ready to open at hark, hark away.

III.

'Twas now by the clock about five in the morn,
And we all gallop'd off to the found of the horn;
Jack Gater, Bill Babler, and Dick at the gun,
And by this time the merry Tom fairplay made one,
Who, while we were jogging on blithesome and gay,
Sung a song, and the chorus was—Hark, hark away.

IV.

And now Jemmy Lurcher had every bush beat,
And no signs of madam, nor trace of her feet;
Nay, we just had begun our sad fortunes to curse,
When all of a sudden out starts Mrs. Puffs;
Men, horses, and dogs all the glad call obey,
And echo was heard to cry—Hark, hark away.

V.

The chase was a fine one, she took o'er the plain,
Which she doubled, and doubled, and doubled again;
Till at last she to cover return'd out of breath,
Where I and Will Whistle were in at the death;
Then in triumph for you I the hare did display,
And cry'd to the horns, my boys, hark, hark away.

BALLAD.

IN POOR VULCAN.

COME all ye gem'men volunteers,
Of glory who would share,
And leaving with your wives your fears,
To the drum head repair ;

Or to the noble Serjeant Pike,
Come, come, without delay,
You'll enter into present pay,
My lads the bargain strike.
A golden guinea and a crown,
Besides the lord knows what renown,
His majesty the donor,
And if you die,
Why then you lie.
Stretch'd on the bed of honour.

II.

Does any prentice work too hard,
Fine cloaths would any wear,
Would any one his wife discard,
To the drum head repair.

Or to the, &c.

III.

Is your estate put out to nurse,
Are you a cast-off heir,
Have you no money in your purse,
To the drum head repair.

Or to the, &c.

BALLAD.

IN POOR VULCAN.

COME, every man now give his toast,
Fill up the glafs, I'll tell you mine,
Wine is the mistress I love most,
This is my toast—now give me thine.

II.

Well said my lad, ne'er let it stand,
I give you Chloe, nymph divine,
May love and wine go hand in hand;
This is my toast—now give me thine.

III.

Fill up your glasses to the brink,
Hebe let no one dare decline;
'Twas Hebe taught me first to drink :
This is my toast—now give me thine.

IV.

Gemmen, I give my wife d'ye fee;
May all to make her blest combine;
So she be far enough from me :
This is my toast—now give me thine.

V.

Let constant lovers at the feet
Of pale fac'd wenches sigh and pine,
For me, the first kind girl I meet
Shall be my toast—now give me thine:

VI.

You toast your wife, and you your lass,
My boys and welcome; here's the wine,
For my part, he who fills my glass
Shall be my toast—now give me thine.

VII.

Spirit, my lads, and toast away,
I have still one with yours to join ;
That we may have enough to pay :
This is my toast—now give me thine.

BALLAD.

IN POOR VULCAN.

MADAM, you know my trade is war,
And what should I deny it for ?
Whene'er the trumpet sounds from far,
I long to hack and hew ;

Yet, madam, credit what I say,
Were I this moment call'd away,
And all the troops drawn in array,
I'd rather stay with you.

II.

Did drums and sprightly trumpets sound,
Did Death and Carnage stalk around,
Did dying horses bite the ground,
Had we no hope in view :

Were the whole army lost in smoke,
 Were they the last words that I spoke,
 I'd say, and dam'me if I joke,
 I'd rather stay with you.

III.

Did the foe charge us front and rear,
 Did e'en the bravest face appear
 Impres'd with signs of mortal fear,
 Though never veteran knew

So terrible and hot a fight,
 Though all my laurels it should blight,
 Though I should lose so fine a fight,
 I'd rather stay with you.

DUET.

INTENDED FOR POOR VULCAN.

JOE.

WHEN Serjeant Belswagger, that masculine brute,
 One day had been drinking to swear a recruit,
 He kiss'd you, I saw him, or else may I die,
 And you, cruel Maudlin, ne'er once cry'd, O fie!

Again, when the squire had come home from the chase,
You receiv'd him, O gods, with a smile on your face,
Henceforth, then, my sheep harum skarum may run,
For Maudlin is faithless, and I am undone.

MAUDLIN.

Ah, Joe! you're a good one; one day in my place—
My husband at home—I was forc'd to send Grace :
I know for a truth, which you cannot gainsay,
You touzled her well on a cock of new hay.

Nay, swore you'd be hers—and, what is worse yet,
That you only lov'd me just for what you could get ;
As for charms then, I ne'er will believe I have one,
For Joey is faithless, and I am undone.

JOE.

Will you know then the truth on't : I touz'd her I own,
Though I rather by half would have let it alone ;
But I did it to see if you jealous would prove,
For that, people say, is a sure sign of love.

MAUDLIN.

And for me, if the squire said soft things in my ear,
I suffer'd it, thinking he'd call for strong beer ;
And as to the serjeant, 'tis always a rule,
One had better be kiss'd than be teaz'd—by a fool.

BALLAD.

IN THE QUAKER.

I lock'd up all my treasure,
I journey'd many a mile,
And by my grief did measure
The passing time the while.

II.

My business done and over,
I hasten'd back amain ;
Like an expecting lover,
To view it once again.

III.

But this delight was stifled
As it began to dawn :
I found the casket rifled,
And all my treasure gone.

SONG.

IN THE QUAKER.

WOMEN are Will o' the Wisps, 'tis plain,
The closer they seem still the more they retire;
They tease you, and jade you,
And round about lead you,
Without hopes of shelter,
Ding dong, helter skelter,
Through water and fire;
And, when you believe every danger and pain
From your heart you may banish,
And you're near the possession of what you desire,
That instant they vanish,
And the devil a bit can you catch them again.

By some they're not badly compar'd to the sea,
Which is calm and tempestuous within the same hour,
Some say they are Sirens, but take it from me,
They're a sweet race of angels o'er man that have pow'r.
His person, his heart, and his reason to seize,
And lead the poor devil wherever they please.

BALLAD.

IN THE QUAKER.

A kernel from an apple's core
One day on either cheek I wore,
Lubin was plac'd on my right cheek,
That on my left did Hodge bespeak ;

Hodge in an instant drop'd to ground,
Sure token that his love's unsound,
But Lubin nothing could remove,
Sure token his is constant love.

II.

Last May I fought to find a snail,
That might my lover's name reveal,
Which finding, home I quickly sped,
And on the hearth the embers spread ;

When, if my letters I can tell,
I saw it mark a curious L :
O may this omen lucky prove,
For L's for Lubin and for Love.

RONDEAU.

IN THE QUAKER.

WHILE the lads in the village shall merrily ah,
Sound their tabors, I'll hand thee along,
And I say unto thee that merrily ah,
Thou and I will be first in the throng.

Just then, when the youth who last year won the dow'r
And his mate shall the sports have begun,
When the gay voice of gladness resounds from each bow'r
And thou long'ft in thy heart to make one,

While the lads, &c.

Those joys that are harmless what mortal can blame ?
'Tis my maxim that youth should be free ;
And to prove that my words and my deeds are the same
Believe thou shall presently see,

While the lads, &c.

BALLAD.

IN ROSE AND COLIN.

I lost my poor mother
 When only a child,
 And I fear'd such another,
 So gentle and mild,
 Was not to be found ;

But I saw my mistake,
 For scarce was she gone,
 But I prov'd I had father and mother in one.
 And though, at this minute he makes my heart ach,
 There's not such another search all the world round.

II.

I'd reach'd my teens fairly,
 As blithe as a bee,
 His care, late and early,
 Being all to please me ;
 No one thing above ground

Was too good for his Rose ;
 At wake or at fair

I was dress'd out so gaily, lord, people would stare,
 And I say it again, though he's peevish, God knows,
 There's not such another, search all the world round.

III.

But love, who, they tell us,
Does many strange things,
Makes all the world jealous,
And mad—even kings,
They say he can wound.

This love is the fore,
Since Colin came here,
This father so kind is a father severe ;
Yet still will I say, though he scolds more and more,
There's not such another search all the world round.

BALLAD.

IN ROSE AND COLIN.

HERE's all her geer, her wheel, her work,
These little bobbins to and fro,
How oft I've seen her fingers jirk,
Her pretty fingers, white as snow.

Each object to me is so dear,
My heart at sight on't throbbing goes ;
'Twas here she sat her down, and here
She told me she was Colin's Rose.

II.

This posy, for her, when she's dress'd,
 I've brought, alas! how happy I,
 Could I be, like these flowers carefs'd,
 And, like them, on her bosom die.

The violet and pink I took,
 And every pretty flower that blows;
 The rose too, but how mean 'twill look
 When by the side of my sweet Rose.

BALLAD.

IN ROSE AND COLIN.

THERE was a jolly shepherd lad,
 And Colin was his name,
 And, all unknown to her old dad,
 He sometimes to see Peggy came.
 The object of his flame.

One day, of his absence too secure,
 Her father thunder'd at the door,
 When, fearing of his frown,
 Says she, dear love, the chimney climb;
 I can't, cries he, there is not time,
 Besides I should tumble down.

II.

What could they do, ta'en unawares ?

They thought, and thought again ;
In closets underneath the stairs,

To hide himself, 'twere all in vain,

He'd soon be found 'twere plain :

Get up the chimney, love, you must,
Cried she, or else the door he'll burst,

I would not for a crown ;

Young Colin seeing but this shift,

E'en mounted up, Peg lent a lift,

And cry'd don't tumble down.

III.

With throbbing heart, now to the door,

Poor Peggy runs in haste ;

Thinking to trick her father sure,

But haste, the proverb says, makes waste,

Which proverb here's well-plac'd ;

Her father scolded her his best,

Call'd names, and said, among the rest,

Pray have you seen that clown ?

She scarce had time to answer, no,

When, black all over as a crow,

Young Colin tumbled down.

BALLAD.

IN ROSE AND COLIN.

Excuse me, pray ye do, dear neighbour,
But Rose, you know, and I,
Have oft partook one sport or labour,
While you have pleas'd stood by.

And since, from little children playing,
You've kindly call'd me son,
I thought, to Rose, I might be saying
" Good-day," and no harm done.

II.

When you and father gravely counted,
One morning in the barn,
To how much in a day it mounted,
That both of us could earn,

Since then you down the law were laying,
And calling me your son,
I thought to Rose I might be saying
" Good day," and no harm done.

BALLAD.

IN ANNETTE AND LUBIN.

YOUNG, and void of art or guile,
From ill intentions free,
If love I've cherish'd all this while,
It came in spight of me.

When you've to me, and I've to you,
Try'd who could kindest prove,
If that was love—what then to do,
To fly from this same love ?

II.

When absent from you I have mourn'd,
And thought each hour a score ;
When, on a sudden, you return'd,
I've thrill'd with joy all o'er ;

They say 'twas love—I thought 'twas you
Had made my heart thus move ;
Alas ! what can a poor girl do
To fly from this same love ?

III.

To every thing that you can ask,
What should I say but yes!
It is because I like the task,
I freely grant each kifs.

You're all to me—I'm all to you—
This truth our deaths would prove,
Were we to part—What then to do,
To fly from this same love?

DUET.

IN ANNETTE & LUBIN.

BAILIFF.

THEY tell me you listen to all that he says;
That each hour of the day you are full of his praise;
That you always together your flocks lead to graze:
Is this true, damfel?

ANNETTE.

Yes, Mister Bailly.

BAILIFF.

They tell me, also, you are so void of grace,
As to brag that dear form, and that sweet pretty face,
That young dog shall be welcome to kifs and embrace :
Is this true damsel ?

ANNETTE.

Yes, Mister Bailly.

BAILIFF.

The neighbours all say, though I credit them not,
They have heard you declare, that content with your lot,
Any king you'd refuse for that lout and a cot :
Is this true damsel ?

ANNETTE.

Yes, Mister Bailly.

BAILIFF.

But one thing I vow frights me out of my life,
'Tis allow'd on all hands, that is barring the strife,
That you both liv'd together just like man and wife :
Is this true damsel ?

ANNETTE.

Yes, Mister Bailly.

DUET.

IN ANNETTE & LUBIN.

LUBIN.

'Tis true that oft, in the same mead,
We both have led our flocks to feed,
Where by each other's side we've sat;

ANNETTE.

Alas! there was no harm in that.

LUBIN.

'Tis true for thee this cot I rose,
Where thou tak'st pleasure to repose;
For which I found the greenest plat;

ANNETTE.

Alas! there was no harm in that.

LUBIN.

'Tis true when tired thou fain would rest,
And thy dear lips to mine I've press'd,
Thy breath, so sweet! I've wondered at:

ANNETTE.

Alas! there was no harm in that.

LUBIN.

Ah, but 'tis true, when thou hast slept,
Closer and closer have I crept ;
And while my heart went pit-a-pat—

ANNETTE.

Alas ! there was no harm in that.

BALLAD.

IN ANNETTE & LUBIN.

A plague take all such grumbling elves,
If they will rail, so be it ;
Because we're happier than themselves,
They can't endure to see it.

For me, I never shall repine,
Let whate'er fate o'ertake us ;
For love and Annette shall be mine,
Though all the world forsake us.

II.

Then, dear Annette, regard them not,
The hours shall pass on gayly,

In spight of every snare and plot,
Of that old doating Bailly.

No never, Annette, thou'lt repine,
Let whate'er fate o'ertake us;
For love and Lubin shall be thine,
Though all the world forfake us.

BALLAD.

IN ANNETTE & LUBIN.

My Lord, and please you, him and I,
Morn, noon, and night, in every weather,
From little children, not this high,
In the same cottage liv'd together,

Our parents left me to his care,
Saying, let no one put upon her :
No, that I won't, says he, I swear;
And he ne'er lies, and like your honour.

II.

As I was saying, we grew up,
For all the world, sister and brother;

One never had nor bit nor sup,
Unless it was partook by t'other :

And I am sure, instead of me,
Were it a duchess, he had won her ;
He is so good, and I've, d'ye see,
A tender heart, and like your honour.

III.

But, woe is ours, now comes the worst,
To-day our sorrows are beginning,
What I thought love—oh, I shall burst—
That nasty Bailly says was sinning.

With Lubin, who, of all the blifs
I ever tasted, is the donor,
I took delight to toy and kifs,
'Till I'm with child, and like your honour.

BALLAD.

IN THE CHELSEA PENSIONER.

BROTHER foldiers why cast down ?
Never, boys, be melancholy :
You say our lives are not our own,
But therefore should we not be jolly ?

This poor tenement, at best,
Depends on fickle chance: Mean while,
Drink, laugh, and sing; and, for the rest,
We'll boldly brave each rude campaign;
Secure, if we return again,
Our pretty landlady shall smile.

II.

Fortune his life and yours commands,
And this moment, should it please her
To require it at your hands,
You can but die, and so did Cæsar.

Our span, though long, were little worth,
Did we not time with joy beguile;
Laugh then the while you stay on earth,
And boldly brave, &c.

III.

Life's a debt we all must pay,
'Tis so much pleasure which we borrow,
Nor heed, if on a distant day
It is demanded, or to-morrow.

The bottle says we're tardy grown;
Do not the time and liquor spoil;
Laugh out the little life you own,
And boldly brave, &c.

RONDEAU.

IN THE CHELSEA PENSIONER.

If deep thy poignard thou would'st drench,
In blood, to venge old Blenheim's woes,
My enemies, boy, are the French,
And all who are my country's foes.

Shall I receive an added day
Of life, when crimes your name shall brand ?
No, never let detraction say,
That virtue arm'd a murderer's hand.

If deep, &c.

Of anger then, no single breath,
Respire for my poor sake—but since
You've spirit to encounter death,
Die for your country, and your prince.

If deep, &c.

BALLAD.

IN THE CHELSEA PENSIONER.

SING the loves of John and Jean,
Sing the loves of Jean and John;
John, for her, would leave a queen,
Jean, for him the noblest don.

She's his queen,
He's her don;
John loves Jean,
And Jean loves John.

II.

Whate'er rejoices happy Jean
Is sure to burst the sides of John,
Does she, for grief, look thin and lean,
He instantly is pale and wan:

Thin and lean,
Pale and wan,
John loves Jean,
And Jean loves John.

III.

'Twas the lily hand of Jean
Fill'd the glass to happy John ;
And, heavens ! how joyful was the een
When he was for a license gone !

Joyful seen,
They'll dance anon,
For John weds Jean,
And Jean weds John.

IV.

John has ta'en to wife his Jean,
Jean's become the spouse of John,
She no longer is his queen,
He no longer is her don.

No more queen,
No more don ;
John hates Jean,
And Jean hates John.

V.

Whatever 'tis that pleases Jean,
Is certain now to displease John ;
With scolding their grown thin and lean,
With spleen and spite they're pale and wan.

Thin and lean,
Pale and wan,
John hates Jean,
And Jean hates John.

VI.

John prays heaven to take his Jean,
Jean at the devil wishes John;
He'll dancing on her grave be seen,
She'll laugh when he is dead and gone.

They'll gay be seen,
Dead and gone,
For john hates jean,
And jean hates john.

SONG.

IN THE CHELSEA PENSIONER.

WHEN thou shalt see his bosom swelling,
When soft compassion's tear shall start,
As my poor father's woes thou'rt telling,
Come back and claim my hand and heart.

The cause blest eloquence will lend thee;
Nay, haste, and ease my soul's distress;
To judge thy worth, I'll here attend thee,
And rate thy love by thy success.

BALLAD.

IN THE CHELSEA PENSIONER.

'Twas not her eyes, though orient mines,
Can boast no gem so bright that glows;
Her lips, where the deep ruby shines,
Her cheeks that shame the blushing rose.

Nor yet her form, Minerva's mien,
Her bosom white as Venus' dove,
That made her my affection's queen,
But 'twas alone her filial love.

II.

The ruby lip, the brilliant eye,
The rosy cheek, the graceful form,
In turn for commendation vie,
And justly the fir'd lover charm,

But transient these—the charm for life,
Which reason ne'er shall disapprove,
Which, truly, shall ensure a wife,
Faithful and kind, is filial love.

SONG.

IN THE CHELSEA PENSIONER.

LET your courage boy be true t'ye,
Hard and painful is the soldier's duty;
'Tis not alone to bravely dare,
To fear a stranger,
Each threat'ning danger,
That whistles through the dusky air;
Where thund'ring jar
Conflicting arms,
All th' alarms,
And dreadful havock of the war.
Your duty done, and home returning,
With self-commended ardour burning,
If this right pride
Foes should deride,
And from your merit turn aside.

Though than the war the conflict's more severe,
This is the trial you must learn to bear.

BALLAD.

IN THE FRIENDLY TARS.

WHILE up the shrouds the sailor goes,
Or ventures on the yard,
The landman, who no better knows,
Believes his lot is hard.

But Jack with smiles each danger meets,
Casts anchor, heaves the log,
Trims all the sails, belays the sheets,
And drinks his can of grog.

II.

When mountains high the waves that swell
The vessel rudely bear,
Now sinking in a hollow dell,
Now quiv'ring in the air.

Bold Jack, &c.

III.

When waves gainst rocks and quicksands roar,
You ne'er hear him repine,
Freezing near Greenland's icy shore,
Or burning near the line,

Bold jack, &c.

IV.

If to engage they give the word,
To quarters all repair,
While splinter'd masts go by the board,
And shot sing through the air.

Bold jack, &c.

BALLAD.

IN THE FRIENDLY TARS.

I sail'd in the good ship the Kitty,
With a smart blowing gale and rough sea,
Left my Polly, the lads call so pretty,
Safe here at an anchor, Yo Yea.

II.

She blubber'd falt tears when we parted,
And cry'd now be constant to me;
I told her not to be down hearted,
So up went the anchor, Yo Yea.

III.

And from that time, no worse nor no better,
I've thought on just nothing but she;
Nor could grog nor flip make me forget her,
She's my only sheet anchor, Yo Yea.

IV.

When the wind whistled larboard and starboard,
And the storm came on weather and lea,
The hope I with her should be harbour'd
Was my cable and anchor, Yo Yea.

V.

And yet, my boys, would you believe me,
I return'd with no rhino from sea,
Mistress Polly would never receive me,
So again I heav'd anchor, Yo Yea.

BALLAD.

IN THE FRIENDLY TARS.

If 'tis love to wish you near,
To tremble when the wind I hear,
Because at sea you floating rove,
If of you to dream at night,
To languish when you're out of sight,
If this be loving—then I love.

II.

If, when you're gone, to count each hour,
To ask of every tender power
That you may kind and faithful prove;
If, void of falsehood and deceit,
I feel a pleasure now we meet,
If this be loving—then I love.

III.

To wish your fortune to partake,
Determin'd never to forsake,

Though low in poverty we strove ;
If, so that me your wife you'll call,
I offer you my little all ;
If this be loving—then I love.

BALLAD.

IN THE FRIENDLY TARS.

YET though I've no fortune to offer,
I've something to put on a par;
Come then, and accept of my proffer,
'Tis the kind, honest heart of a tar.

II.

Ne'er let such a trifle as this is,
Girls, be to my pleasures a bar,
You'll be rich, though 'tis only in kisses,
With the kind, honest heart of a tar.

III.

Besides, I am none of your ninnies ;
The next time I come from afar,
I'll give you your lap full of guineas,
With the kind, honest heart of a tar.

IV.

Your lords, with such fine baby faces,
That strut in a garter and star,
Have they, under their tambour and laces,
The kind, honest heart of a tar?

V.

I have this here to say, now, and mind it,
If love, that no hazard can mar,
You are seeking, you'll certainly find it,
In the kind, honest heart of a tar.

BALLAD.

IN THE OLD WOMAN OF EIGHTY.

Come here ye rich, come here ye great,
Come here ye grave, come here ye gay,
Behold our blest, though humble fate,
Whio, while the sun shines, make our hay.

II.

The gay plum'd lady, with her state,
Would she in courts a moment stay,

Could she but guess our happy fate,
Who, while the sun shines, make our hay?

III.

Nature we love, and art we hate,
And blithe and chearful as the day,
We sing, and bless our humble fate,
And, while the sun shines, make our hay.

IV.

Hodge goes a courting to his mate,
Who ne'er coquets, nor says him nay,
But shares content an humble fate,
And, while the sun shines, they make hay.

V.

The captain puts on board his freight,
And cuts through waves his dangerous way
But we enjoy a gentler fate,
And, while the sun shines, make our hay.

VI.

See Hodge, and Dick, and Nell, and Kate,
In the green meadow frisk and play,
And own that happy is our fate,
Who, while the sun shines, make our hay.

VII.

Come then, and quit each glitt'ring bait,
Simplicity shall point the way
To us, who blest our humble ate,
And, while the sun shines, make our hay.

BALLAD.

IN THE OLD WOMAN OF EIGHTY.

How kind and how good of his dear majesty,
In the midst of his matters so weighty,
To think of so lowly a creature as me,
A poor old woman of eighty.

II.

Were your sparks to come round me, in love with each
charm,
Say I have nothing to say t'ye ;
I can get a young fellow to keep my back warm,
Though a poor old woman of eighty.

III.

John Strong is as comely a lad as you'll see,
And one that will never say nay t'ye;
I cannot but think what a comfort he'll be
To me, an old woman of eighty.

IV.

Then fear not, ye fair ones, though long past your
youth,
You'll have lovers in scores beg and pray t'ye,
Only think of my fortune, who have but one tooth,
A poor old woman of eighty.

BALLAD.

IN THE TOUCHSTONE.

Parents may fairly thank themselves
Should love our duty master,
Checking his power, the senseless elves
But tie the knot the faster.
To trick such dotards, weak and vain,
Is duty and allegiance,

Whilst love, and all his pleasing train,
To fly were disobedience.

II.

As fickle fancy, or caprice,
Or headstrong whim, advises,
Children, and all their future peace,
Become the sacrifices :

Then trick these dotards, weak and vain,
'Tis duty and allegiance ;
Whilst Love and all his pleasing train
To fly were disobedience.

SONG.

IN THE TOUCHSTONE.

THIS life is like a troubled sea,
Where, helm a weather or a lea,
The ship will neither stay nor wear,
But drives, of every rock in fear ;
All seaman'ship in vain we try,
We cannot keep her steadily :

But, just as fortune's wind may blow,
The vessel's tossed to and fro ;
Yet, come but love on board,
Our hearts with pleasure stor'd,
No storm can overwhelm,
Still blows in vain
The hurricane,
While he is at the helm.

BALLAD.

IN THE TOUCHSTONE.

My name's Ted Blarney, I'll be bound
And man and boy upon this ground,
Full twenty years I've beat my round,
Crying Vauxhall watch :

And as that time's a little short,
With some small folks that here resort,
To be sure I have not had some sport,
Crying Vauxhall watch.

Oh of pretty wenches dress'd so tight,
And macaronies what a sight,
Of a moonlight morn I've bid good night,
Crying Vauxhall watch.

II.

The lover cries no foul will fee,
 You are deceiv'd my love, cries she,
 Dare's dat Irish tafe there—meaning me—
 Crying Vauxhall watch.

So they goes on with their amorous talk,
 Till they gently steals to the dark walk,
 While I steps aside, no sport to balk,
 Crying Vauxhall watch.

Oh of pretty wenches, &c.

BALLAD.

IN THE WIVES' REVENGE.

CURTIS was old Hodges wife,
 For vartue none was ever such,
 She led so pure, so chaste a life,
 Hodge said 'twas vartue over much.

For says fly old Hodge, says he,
 Great talkers do the least, d'ye see.

II.

Curtis said, if men were rude,
She'd scratch their eyes out, tear their hair;
Cry'd Hodge, I believe thou'rt wond'rous good,
However, let us nothing swear.

For says, &c.

III.

One night she dreamt a drunken fool
Be rude with her in fright would fain;
She makes no more, but, with joint fool,
Falls on her husband might and main.

Still says, &c.

IV.

By that time she had broke his nose,
Hodge made shift to wake his wife;
Dear Hodge, said she, judge by these blows,
prize my vartue as my life.

Still says, &c.

V.

I dreamt a rude man on me fell;
However, I his project marr'd:

Dear wife, cried Hodge, 'tis mighty well,
But next time don't hit quite so hard.

For says, &c.

VI.

At break of day Hodge cross'd a stile,
Near to a field of new-mown hay,
And saw, and curst his stars the while,
Curtis and Numps in am'rous play.

Was not I right, says Hodge, says he,
Great talkers do the least d'ye see.

GLEE.

IN THE WIVES' REVENGE.

YOUNG Paris was blest just as I am this hour,
When proud Juno offer'd him riches and power,
When stately Minerva of war talk'd and arms,
When Venus beam'd on him a smile full of charms.

Venus' charms gain'd the prize, what an idiot was he!
The apple of gold I'd have parted in three;
And, contenting them all by this witty device,
Given Juno, and Pallas, and Venus a slice.

BALLAD.

IN THE SHEPERDESS OF THE ALPS.

When jealous out of season,
When deaf and blind to reason,
Of truth we've no belief;

With rage we're overflowing,
Not why, or whether, knowing,
And the heart goes throb with grief.

II.

But when the fit is over,
And kindness from the lover,
Does every doubt destroy ;

Away fly thoughts alarming,
Each object appears charming,
And the heart goes throb with joy.

BALLAD.

IN THE SHEPERDESS OF THE ALPS.

By love and fortune guided,
I quit the busy town ;
With cot and sheep provided,
And vestments of a clown.

Thus have I barter'd riches
For a shepherd's little stock ;
A crook, to leap o'er ditches,
And well to climb each rock ;
A faithful dog, my steps to guide,
A scrip and hautboy by my side ;
And my horn, to give the alarm
When wolves would harm
My flock.

II.

Ah, say then, who can blame me ?
For beauty 'tis I roam ;
But, if the chase should tame me,
Perhaps I may come home.
'Till then I'll give up riches, &c.

BALLAD.

IN THE SHEPERDESS OF THE ALPS.

THE rising sun Lyfander found,
Shedding tears o'er Phillis's tomb,
Who swore he ne'er would leave the ground,
But pass his life in that dear gloom.

Tearing his hair, the frantic youth
Cry'd, " food and raiment I deny ;
" And with my life shall end my truth,
" For love of Phillis will I die."

II.

The radiant god made half his tour,
The kine sought shelter from his heat,
Which pass'd within the cottage door,
Where poor Lyfander drank and eat.

His dinner finish'd, up he rose,
Stalk'd, sighing, silently and slow,
To where were hung his Sunday's clothes,
Then took a walk to chase his woe.

III.

The sun to Thetis made his way,
When underneath a friendly shade,
A shepherd sung, in accents gay,
His passion for a gentle maid.

O lovers, what are all your cares!
Your sighs! your sufferings! tell me what?
To Daphne 'tis Lyfander swears,
And lovely Phillis is forgot.

SONG.

IN THE TOUCHSTONE.

My tears—alas! I cannot speak!
Must thank this goodness, sure, divine!
For had I words—words are too weak,
Too poor, to vent such thoughts as mine.

The sun, in its meridian height,
Will gratitude like this inspire;
Whose kindly heat, and piercing light,
We wonder at, and we admire.

BALLAD.

IN THE SHEPERDESS OF THE ALPS.

THE coy Pastora Damon woo'd,
Damon the witty and the gay ;
Damon, who never fair pursued,
But she became an easy prey.

Yet with this nymph, his ev'ry power
In vain he tries, no language moves ;
Thus do we see the tender flower
Shrink from the sun whose warmth it loves.

II.

Piqued at the little angry puffs,
Cried he, " she sets me all on fire !
" Then plagues herself, and makes this fuss,
" Only to raise her value higher.
" For, that she loves me every hour,
" Each moment some new instance proves :
" Thus do we see the tender flower
" Shrink from the sun, whose warmth it loves.

III.

" How to resolve then ? what resource ?

" By fair means she will ne'er come to ;

" What of a little gentle force,

" Suppose I try what that will do ?

" I know she'll tears in torrents pour ;

" I know her cries will pierce the groves :

" Thus do we see the tender flower

" Shrink from the sun, whose warmth it loves."

RONDEAU.

IN THE SHEPERDESS OF THE ALPS.

Ah men what silly things you are,

To woman thus to humble ;

Who, fowler like, but spreads her snare,

Or at her timid game

Takes aim,

Pop, pop, and down you tumble.

She marks you down, fly where you will,

O'er clover, grass, or stubble ;

Can wing you, feather you, or kill,
Just as she takes the trouble.

Ah men, &c.

Then fly not from us, 'tis in vain,
We know the art of setting,
As well as shooting, and can train
The shyest man our net in.

Ah men, &c.

BALLAD.

IN THE SHEPERDESS OF THE ALPS.

BRIGHT gems that twinkle from afar,
Planets, and every lesser star,
That darting each a downward ray,
Console us for the loss of day,
Begone, e'en Venus, who so bright,
Reflects her visions pure and white;
Quick disappear, and quit the skies,
For lo! the moon begins to rise.

II.

Ye pretty warblers of the grove,
Who chant such artless tales of love;
The thrortle, gurgling in his throat,
The linnet, with his silver note;

The soaring lark, the whistling thrush,
The mellow blackbird, goldfinch, hush,
Fly, vanish, disappear, take wing,
The nightingale begins to sing.

BALLAD.

IN THE SHEPERDESS OF THE ALPS.

HERE sleeps in peace, beneath this rustic vase,
The tenderest lover a husband could prove;
Of all this distress, alas, I am the cause
So much I adored him, heaven envied my love.

The sighs I respire ev'ry morn I arise,
The misery I cherish, the grief, and the pain
The thousand of tears that fall from my eyes,
Are all the sad comforts for me that remain.

II.

When, his colours display'd, honour call'd him to arms,
By tender persuasions I kept him away,
His glory forgetting for those fatal charms,
And to punish me he is depriv'd of the day.

Since when to his memory I've rais'd this sad tomb,
Where to join him, alas! I shall shortly descend;
Where sorrow, nor pain, nor affliction can come,
And where both my love and my crime shall have end.

BALLAD.

IN HARLEQUIN FREE-MASON.

In all your dealings take good care,
Instructed by the friendly square,
To be true, upright, just, and fair,
And thou a fellow-craft shalt be:

The level so must poise thy mind,
That satisfaction thou shalt find,
When to another fortune's kind:—
And that's the drift of masonry.

II.

The compass t'other two compounds,
 And says, though anger'd on just grounds,
 Keep all your passions within bounds,
 And thou a fellow-craft shalt be.

Thus, symbols of our order are
 The compass, level, and the square ;
 Which teach us to be just and fair :
 And that's the drift of masonry.

BALLAD.

IN HARLEQUIN FREE-MASON.

THE Sun's a free-mason, he works all the day,
 Village, city, and town to adorn,
 Then from labour at rest,
 At his lodge in the west,
 Takes with good brother Neptune a glass on his way.
 Thence ripe for the fair,
 He flies from all care,
 To Dame Thetis charms,
 Till rous'd from her arms
 By the morn.

So do we, our labour done,
First the glafs,
And then the lafs,
And then
Sweet flumbers give fresh force
To run our courfe,
Thus with the rifing fun.

II.

The courfe of the fun all our myfteries defines :

First mafonry rofe in the eaft,
Then, to no point confin'd,
His rays cheer mankind ;
Besides, who'll deny that he well knows the figns ?
The Grand Master he
Then of mafons fhall be,
Nor fhall aught the craft harm,
Till to fhine and to warm
He has ceas'd.
Then like him, our labour done, &c.

BALLAD.

IN HARLEQUIN FREE-MASON.

AT a jovial meeting of gods once on high,
Ere Bacchus was hatch'd from old Jupiter's thigh,
This one told his story, and that sung his song,
And did what he could lest the time should seem long.

Apollo read verses, the Graces wreath'd flowers,
The Muses of harmony sung forth the powers,
Bully Mars crack'd his joke, and fly Momus his jest;
Yet their mirth wanted something to give it a zest.

II.

Said Jove, our assembly to-day's pretty full,
Yet, I don't know how 'tis, we are horridly dull;
We have all the ingredients that mirth should inspire,
But some clay-born alloy damps our heav'nly fire.

I have it—in this I'll a mixture inclose
Of all the delights whence good fellowship flows,
And we'll taste of its produce, for mirth's bad at best
When there's any thing wanting to give it a zest.

III.

So saying, so doing, he buried the shrine,
Which quickly sprung up in the form of a vine,
The leaves broad and verdant, the fruit deepest blue,
Whence a juice flow'd, that health, love, or youth
might renew.

Its influence to feel, they came round it in swarms;
Mars took draughts of courage, and Venus drank
charms;

Momus swallow'd bon mots, Cupid love—so the rest,
While Jove, spurning nectar, cry'd—This is the zest.

BALLAD.

IN HARLEQUIN FREE-MASON.

HERE I was my good maffers, my name's Teddy Clinch,
My cattle are found, and I drives to an inch;
From Hyde Park to White Chapel I well know the
town,

And many's the time I've took up and set down :
In short, in the bills I'll be bound for't there's not
A young youth who, like Teddy, can tip the long trot.

II.

Oh the notions of life that I see from my box,
While fares of all kinds come about me in flocks :
The sot, whom I drive home to sleep out the day,
The kind one, who plies for a fare at the play ;
Or, your gents of the law, there, who, four in a lot,
To Westminster Hall I oft tip the long trot.

III.

My coach receives all, like the gallows and sea,
So I touch but my fare you know all's one to me ;
The men of the gown, and the men of the sword,
A ma'am or a gambler, a rogue, or a lord ;
To wherever you're going I well know the spot,
And, do you tip a tizzy, I'll tip the long trot.

BALLAD.

IN THE ISLANDERS.

THE ladies' faces, now adays,
Are various as their humours,
And on complexions oft we gaze,
Brought home from the perfumers.

For, hid as it were beneath a cloak,
 The beauty's false that wins you,
 Then pardon me, by way of joke,
 If I prefer my Dingy.

II.

A handkerchief can rub away
 Your roses and your lilies;
 The more you rub, the more you may,
 My Dingy, dingy still is.

Besides, her hair is black as jet,
 Her eyes are gems from India;
 Rail as you list then, I shall yet,
 For joke's sake, love poor Dingy.

BALLAD.

IN THE ISLANDERS.

Did fortune bid me chuse a state,
 From all that's rich, and all that's great,
 From all that ostentation brings,
 The splendor, pride, and pomp of kings;

These gifts, and more, did she display,
With health, that felt not life's decay,
I'd spurn with scorn the useless lot,
Were my Camilla's name forgot.

II.

But did she for my fate assign,
That I should labour in a mine;
Or, with many wretches more,
In slavery chain me to an oar;

Or from the sight of men exil'd
Send me to a Siberian wild,
For this and more would she atone,
Were my Camilla all my own.

BALLAD.

IN THE ISLANDERS.

WHEN Yanko dear fight far away,
Some token kind me send;
One branch of olive, for dat say
Me wish the battle end.

The poplar tremble while him go,
Say of dy life take care,
Me fend no laurel, for me know
Of dat he find him share.

II.

De ivy fay, my heart be true,
Me droop, fay willow tree,
De torn he fay me sick for you,
De sun-flower, tink of me.

Till laft me go weep wid de pine,
For fear poor Yanko dead ;
He come, and I de myrtle twine,
In chaplet for him head.

SONG.

IN THE ISLANDERS.

I'll mount the cliffs, I'll watch the coast,
Anxious some welcome tidings soon to bear,
Nor let your fortitude be lost,
Confiding still in honest Yanko's care.

Though to my comrades I'm untrue,
 Honour shall infidelity applaud,
 And call, in charity to you,
 My broken faith to them a pious fraud.

BALLAD.

IN THE ISLANDERS.

ORRA no talk, no say fine word,
 No drefs him, no look gay,
 Vay little sing you hear von bird,
 Him mate be gone away.

Orra tell true, she have no grace,
 Of lady for him part,
 Dare beauty all be in him face,
 And Orra in him heart.

II.

Orra do little, all she do,
 Forgive, for she no gall;
 To every ting she promise true,
 Love Yanko, and dat all.

But Orra, &c.

BALLAD.

IN THE ISLANDERS.

POOR Orra tink of Yanko dear,
Do he be gone for ever,
For he no dead, he still live here,
And he from here go never.

Like on a sand me mark him face,
De wave come roll him over,
De mark him go, but still de place
'Tis easy to discover.

II.

I see fore now de tree de flower,
He droop like Orra, surely,
And den by'm bye dere come a shower,
He hold him head up purely :

And so some time me tink me die,
My heart so sick, he grieve me,
But in a lilly time me cry
Good deal, and dat relieve me.

SONG.

IN THE ISLANDERS.

PASSION is a torrent rude,
Which rapid bears down ev'ry height,
A turbulent, unruly flood,
Which with the ocean would unite.

Reason's a fountain, calm, serene,
Which near gay fields, and laughing bow'rs,
While it reflects th' enchanting scene,
Is borne among a bed of flowers.

BALLAD.

IN THE ISLANDERS.

A bed of moss we'll straight prepare,
Where near him gently creeping,
We'll pat his cheeks, and stroke his hair,
And watch him while he's sleeping.

II.

Sweet flowers of every scent and hue,
Pinks, violets, and roses,
And blooming Hyacinths we'll strew,
As sweetly he reposes.

III.

And we'll with fond emotion start,
And while, with admiration,
We softly feel his fluttering heart,
Partake its palpitation.

BALLAD.

IN THE ISLANDERS.

COME, courage lads, and drink away,
A man upon his wedding day,
Ought rarely well his part to play
At Stingo or October :

For, who would be that stupid elf,
For whim, caprice, or love, or pelf,
To poison, hang, or drown himself,
Or marry when he's sober.

II.

For Madam's will at nothing stops,
 She must have balls, and routs, and fops,
 And often ransacks all the shops,
 In gay attire to robe her :

Then drink the day you take a wife,
 As the last comfort of your life ;
 For, ever after, noise and strife,
 Are sure to keep you sober.

BALLAD.

INTENDED FOR THE QUAKER.

THOU'ST heard those old proverbs, ne'er lean on a
 rush,
 A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush,
 'Tis the money paid down that decides who's the winner,
 Who waits upon fortune's ne'er sure of a dinner :
 Out of sight out of mind, delaying breeds danger,
 He ought to be cozen'd who trusts to a stranger ;
 Heaven take my friend, and the old one my brother,
 Promising's one thing, performing another.

II.

Much may fall out 'twixt the cup and the lip,
The builder's receipt's the best sail in the ship,
Tis a good thing to lend, but a better to borrow,
Pay me to-day, and I'll trust you to-morrow :

Brag is a good dog, but Hold-fast a better,
You may guess at a word when you know the first letter;
There's not the most fire where you see the most smother,
Promising's one thing, performing another.

BALLAD.

IN THE MISCHANCE.

O think on the time when you came home at night,
And supp'd upon muscles, no lily more white,
When I used to provide you with many a treat
Of as fine Melton oysters as ever were eat.

Now see what a change ! all the muscles for me
May be trod under foot, or thrown into the sea ;
My Joey is false ! and the once sprightly tone
With which I cry'd oysters is sunk to a drone.

II.

When the last kit of falmon we fat down to broach,
And you told me your heart was as sound as a roach,
How sweet was my temper, what joys did I feel!
Little thinking you'd slip through my hands like an eel.

But my temper's now chang'd—I, that once was so
mild,

And was thought to be gentle and meek as a child;
So crusty am grown I ne'er speak a word civil,
And my customers say I'm as cross as the devil.

III.

My stall was so clean, and my tubs were so white,
They were perfectly—people would tell me—a sight:
I listen'd with joy when the folks told me so,
For my stall and my tubs were both scower'd for Joe:

But now they're all dirty, neglected they lie,
I oft take them up, and as oft throw them buy;
For his sake I pleasure in cleaning them found,
He has left me, and now they're as black as the ground.

BALLAD.

IN PANDORA.

What naughty things we women are,
Who long for fruit forbidden;
Though 'twere our bane, we cannot bear
The least thing from us hidden.

But what we see will we believe,
Though ill on ill we're heaping,
Though to this day, from mother Eve,
We've always paid for peeping.

II.

Thus curious girls, urg'd by their youth,
Thoughtless what they were doing,
Have falsehood found disguis'd like truth,
And mask'd like pleasure, ruin.

Instead of smiling who must grieve,
Whose joys are turn'd to weeping,
And who too late, like mother Eve,
Find they have paid for peeping.

III.

Should I to my desires give way,

I may encounter sorrow,

And that I think a good to-day,

May prove an ill to-morrow.

Yet, cautious prudence, by your leave,

The secret's in my keeping;

I am weak woman, and, like Eve,

Cannot refrain from peeping.

BALLAD.

IN PANDORA.

—In the character of Punch—

WHAT a pity 'twill be, odds babies and lambs,
To possess the young things by the side of their mams,
Not with innocent love, but, odds pranks and curvet-
ings,

With oglings, and leerings, and airs, and coquettings.

What a pity a widow, odds prayers and religion,
Who has mourn'd for her husband like any tame pigeon,
Should all on a sudden, odds fruit that is mellow,
To comfort her find out a sturdy young fellow.

And digadon deer,
Go on her career,
Digadon, digadon,
Odds right turn'd to wrong;
Odds bridewells and whipping-posts, pillories and stocks,
When Madam Pandora has open'd her box.

II.

What a pity 'twill be—odds hearts and odds hands,
That the man whose large soul generous pity expands,
Should turn quick as thought, odds per cent and per
annum,

A hunter of heirs, with a view to trepan 'em.

What a pity a statesman, odds good of the nation,
Who for hours without pension would make an oration,
Should plump in an instant, odds Janus's faces,
Shut his mouth up till given half a dozen places.

And digadon deer, &c.

III.

What a pity 'twill be, odds contusions and scars,
That the world for ambition should plunge into wars;
What a pity young fellows, odds rakes and hard livers,
Should fall in their youth, through consumptions and
fevers.

What a pity 'twill be, odds prifon and palace,
 That a judge should erect, and a thief fear the gallows;
 And what pity, odds venifon, and fturgeon, and trout,
 That eating and drinking fhould give us the gout.

And digadon deer,

BALLAD.

IN THE REASONABLE ANIMALS.

—A wolf who had been a lawyer—

By roguery, 'tis true,
 I opulent grew,
 Juft like any other professional finner,
 An orphan, d'ye fee,
 Would juft wafh down my tea,
 And a poor friendleft widow would ferve me for dinner.

I was, to be fure,
 Of the helpleft and poor
 A guardian appointed to manage the pelf;
 And I manag'd it well,
 But how—fays you—tell?
 Why I let them all ftarve to take care of myfelf.

II.

With these tricks I went on
Till, faith Sir, anon
A parcel of stupid, mean-spirited souls,
As they narrowly watch'd me,
Soon at my tricks catch'd me,
And, in their own words, haul'd me over the coals.

In the pillory—that fate
For rogues, soon or late—
I stood, for the sport of a dissolute mob;
Till my neck Master Ketch
Was so eager to stretch,
That I gave the thing up as a dangerous job.

III.

Now a wolf, from their dams
I steal plenty of lambs,
Pamper'd high, and well fed—an insatiable glutton—
In much the same sphere
When a man, I move here;
Make and break laws at pleasure, and kill my own mut-
ton.

Then since, for their sport,
No one here moves the court,
Nor am I amenable to an employer,

I shall ever prefer,
 With your leave, my good fir,
 The life of a wolf to the life of a lawyer.

BALLAD.

IN THE REASONABLE ANIMALS.

—A hog who had been an alderman.

FOR dainties I've had of them all,
 At taverns, Lord Mayor's, and Guildhall,
 Where the purveyors, nothing stingy,
 To fill the wallet,
 And pamper the palate,
 Have rarities brought from India.

Then what signifies what one takes in,
 For, when one's cram'd up to the chin,
 Why, really, good friend, to my thinking,
 If on venison and wines,
 Or on hogwash one dines,
 At last 'tis but eating and drinking.

Besides, I've no books I arrange,
 Nor at two need I e'er go to change;
 Have no business with note, bond, or tally,

Nor need I, from any ill luck,
Either bull, or a bear, or lame duck,
Ever fear waddling out of the alley.

For dainties, &c.

BALLAD.

IN THE REASONABLE ANIMALS.

—A bull who had been an Irishman—

Is't my story you'd know?—I was Patrick Mulrooney,
A jolman, and Ireland my nation:
To be sure I was not a tight fellow too honey,
Before my transmogrification.

I did not at all talk of flames and of darts,
To conquer the fair—the dear jewels!
And wid husbands, because why I won their wives hearts
I did not fight plenty of duels.

Then arrah, bodder how you can,
You'll ne'er persuade me, honey,
For I shall always, bull or man, I
Be Patric Mulrooney.

II.

When at Almack's, or White's, or at Brooke's, or
 Boodle's,
 I've sat up all night in the morning,
 'Mongst black legs, and coppers, and pigeons, and
 noodles,
 The calling to use I was born in ;
 To be sure many honest gold guineas it yields,
 But since 'tis a service of danger,
 I'm a better man now I'm a bull in the fields,
 To popping and tilting a stranger.

BALLAD.

IN LIBERTY-HALL.

WERE Patience kind to me,
 Oh he de nos!
 Far plyther than a coat I'd be,
 Oh he de nos!
 Leap, skip, and pound, would poor Ap Hugh,
 And capricole and caper too,
 And frisk, and jump, and dance, look you,
 Oh he de nos!

II.

But Patience very cruel is,

Oh he de nos!

With jibes, cheers, and mockeries,

Oh he de nos!

Which makes to sigh and sob, Ap Hugh,

And whining his sad fortune rue,

And crieve, and croan, and crunt, look you,

Oh he de nos!

BALLAD.

IN LIBERTY-HALL.

WHEN faintly gleams the doubtful day,

Ere yet the dew-drops on the thorn

Borrow a lustre from the ray

That tips with gold the dancing corn,

Health bids awake, and homage pay

To him who gave another morn.

And well with strength his nerves to brace,

Urges the sportsman to the chase.

II.

Do we pursue the timid hare,
As trembling o'er the lawn she bounds?
Still of her safety have we care,
While seeming death her steps surrounds,
We the defenceless creature spare,
And instant stop the well-taught hounds.

For cruelty should ne'er disgrace
The well-earn'd pleasure of the chase.

III.

Do we pursue the subtle fox,
Still let him break and rivers try,
Through marshes wade, or climb the rocks,
The deep-mouth'd hounds shall following fly;
And while he every danger mocks,
Unpitied shall the culprit die:

To quell his cruel, artful race
Is labour worthy of the chase.

— IV.

Return'd, with shaggy spoils well stored,
To our convivial joys at night,
We toast, and first our country's lord,
Anxious who most shall do him right;

The fair next crowns the social board,
Britons should love as well as fight,
For he who flights the tender race,
Is held unworthy of the chase.

SONG.

IN LIBERTY-HALL.

WHO to my wounds a balm advises,
But little knows what I endure ;
The patient's pain to torture rises
When medicine's try'd and fails to cure.

What can the wisest council teach me,
But sad remembrance of my grief ?
Alas ! your kindness cannot reach me,
It gives but words—I ask relief.

BALLAD.

IN LIBERTY-HALL.

JACK Ratlin was the ablest seaman,
None like him could hand, reef, and steer;
No dangerous toil but he'd encounter,
With skill, and in contempt of fear:

In fight a lion; the battle ended,
Meek as the bleating lamb he'd prove;
Thus Jack had manners, courage, merit—
Yet did he sigh, and all for love.

II.

The song, the jest, the flowing liquor,
For none of these had Jack regard;
He, while his messmates were carousing,
High sitting on the pendant yard,

Would think upon his fair-one's beauties,
Swear never from such charms to rove;
That truly he'd adore them living,
And, dying, sigh—to end his love.

The same express the crew commanded
 Once more to view their native land,
 Among the rest brought Jack some tidings,
 Would it had been his love's fair hand!

Oh fate!—her death defac'd the letter,
 Instant his pulse forgot to move;
 With quiv'ring lips, and eyes uplifted,
 He heav'd a sigh—and dy'd for love.

GLEE.

IN LIBERTY-HALL.

WHAT if my pleasures fools condemn,
 Because I am not dull like them,
 Because no minute I let pass,
 Unmark'd by a convivial glass?
 Or else, return'd from strife and noise,
 I tempt the fair to softer joys;
 A mortal with a soul divine,
 Alternate crown'd with love and wine.

These shall on earth my being share,
 And when I'm gone, if in my heir

My spirit live, let him not mourn,
But see emboss'd upon my urn

Bacchus and Venus in a wreath,
With this inscription underneath:

" This mortal had a soul divine,
" Alternate crown'd with love and wine."

BALLAD.

IN LIBERTY-HALL.

WHEN fairies are lighted by night's silver queen,
And feast in the meadow, or dance on the green,
My Lumkin aside lays his plough and his flail,
By yon oak to sit near me, and tell his fond tale.

And though I'm assur'd the same vows were believ'd
By Patty and Ruth he forsook and deceiv'd,
Yet so sweet are his words, and like truth so appear,
I pardon the treason, the traitor's so dear.

II.

I saw the straw bonnet he bought at the fair,
The rose-colour'd ribbon to deck Jenny's hair,

The shoe-ties of Bridget, and, still worse than this,
The gloves he gave Peggy for stealing a kifs.

All these did I see, and, with heart-rending pain,
Swore to part; yet I know when I see him again,
His words and his looks will like truth so appear,
I shall pardon the treason, the traitor's so dear.

BALLAD.

IN LIBERTY-HALL.

SEE the course throng'd with gazers, the sports are be-
gun,

The confusion but hear!—I'll bet you fir—done, done;
Ten thousand strange murmurs resound far and near,
Lords, hawkers, and jockies assail the tir'd ear.

While, with neck like a rainbow, erecting his crest,
Amper'd, prancing, and pleas'd, his head touching his
breast,

Scarcely snuffing the air, he's so proud and elate,
The high-mettled racer first starts for the plate.

II.

Now reynard's turn'd out, and o'er hedge and ditch
rush,

100 DIBDIN'S SELECTED SONGS.

Hounds, horses, and huntsmen, all hard at his brush;
They run him at length, and they have him at bay,
And by scent and by view, cheat a long tedious way:
While, alike born for sports of the field or the course,
Always sure to come thorough, a staunch and fleet
horse;

When fairly run down, the fox yields up his breath,
The high-mettled racer is in at the death.

III.

Grown aged, used up, and turn'd out of the stud,
Lame, spavin'd, and windgall'd, but yet with some
blood;
While knowing postilions his pedigree trace,
Tell his dam won this sweepstakes, his sire gain'd that
race;

And what matches he won to the ostlers count o'er,
As they loiter their time at some hedge alehouse door,
While the harness fore galls, and the spurs his sides
goad,
The high-mettled racer's a hack on the road.

IV.

Till at last, having labour'd, drudg'd early and late,
Bow'd down by degrees, he bends on to his fate
Blind, old, lean, and feeble, he tugs round a mill,
Or draws sand, till the sand of his hourglass stands still:

'And now, cold and lifeless, exposed to the view,
in the very same cart which he yester-day drew,
While a pitying crowd his sad relics furrounds,
The high-mettled racer is sold for the hounds.

BALLAD.

IN LIBERTY-HALL.

Do salmons love a lucid stream ?
Do thirsty sheep love fountains ?
Do Druids love a doleful theme ?
Or goats the craggy mountains ?

If it be true these things are so,
As truly she's my lovey,
And os wit I yng carie I
Rooi fit dwyn de garie di
As ein, dai, tree, pedwar, pimp, chweck go
The bells of Aberdovey.

II.

Do keffels love a whisp of hay ?
Do sprightly kids love prancing ?

Do curates crowdies love to play?
 Or peasants morrice dancing?
 If it be true, &c.

BALLAD.

IN THE BENEVOLENT TAR.

A plague of those musty old lubbers,
 Who tell us to fast and to think
 And patient fall in with life's rubbers,
 With nothing but water to drink.
 A can of good stuff, had they twigg'd it,
 'Twould have set them for pleasure agog,
 And, spight of the rules
 Of the schools,
 The old fools
 Would have all of 'em swigg'd it,
 And swore there was nothing like grog.

II.

My father, when last I from Guinea
 Return'd, with abundance of wealth,
 Cry'd Jack, never be such a ninny
 To drink:—said I—father, your health.

So I shew'd him the stuff, and he twigg'd it,
And it set the old codger agog,
And he swigg'd, and mother,
And sifter, and brother,
And I swigg'd, and all of us swigg'd it,
And swore there was nothing like grog.

III.

Tother day, as the chaplain was preaching,
Behind him I curiously slunk,
And while he our duty was teaching,
As how we should never get drunk,
I shew'd him the stuff, and he twigg'd it,
And it soon set his rev'rence agog,
And he swigg'd, and Nick swigg'd,
And Ben swigg'd, and Dick swigg'd,
And I swigg'd, and all of us swigg'd it,
And swore there was nothing like grog.

IV.

Then trust me there's nothing like drinking,
So pleasant, on this side the grave;
It keeps the unhappy from thinking,
And makes e'en more valiant the brave.

As for me, from the moment I twigg'd it,
The good stuff has so fet me agog,
Sick or well, late or early,
Wind foully or fairly,
Helm a-lee or a weather,
For hours together
I've constantly swigg'd it,
And, dam'me, there's nothing like grog.

BALLAD.

IN THE BENEVOLENT TAR.

WHAT argues pride and ambition ?
Soon or late death will take us in tow :
Each bullet has got its commission,
And when our time's come we must go.

Then drink and sing—hang pain and sorrow,
The halter is made for the neck ;
He that's now life and lusty—to-morrow
Perhaps may be stretch'd on the deck.

There was little Tom Linstock of Dover
Got kill'd, and left Polly in pain,
Poll cry'd—but her grief was soon over,
And then she got marry'd again.

Then drink, &c.

III.

Jack Junk was ill used by Bet Crocker,
And so took to guzzling the stuff,
Till he tumbled in old Davy's locker,
And there he got liquor enough.

Then drink, &c.

IV.

For our prize money then to the proctor,
Take of joy while 'tis going our freak;
For what argues calling the doctor
When the anchor of life is apeak.

Then drink, &c.

BALLAD.

IN THE BENEVOLENT TAR.

A sailor's love is void of art,
Plain sailing to his port, the heart,
He knows no jealous folly:

'Twere hard enough at sea to war
With boisterous elements that jar—
All's peace with lovely Polly.

II.

Enough that, far from sight of shore,
Clouds frown, and angry billows roar,
Still is he brisk and jolly:

And while carousing with his mates,
Her health he drinks—anticipates
The smiles of lovely Polly.

III.

Should thunder on the horizon press,
Mocking our signals of distress,
E'en then dull melancholy

Dares not intrude :—he braves the din,
In hopes to find a calm within
The snowy arms of Polly.

BALLAD.

IN THE MILK-MAID.

SWEET ditties would my Patty sing,
Old Chevy Chace, God save the King,
Fair Rosemy, and Sawny Scot,
Lilebularo, the Irish Trot,
All these would sing my blue-ey'd Patty,

As with her pail she'd trudge along,
While still the burden of her song
My hammer beat to blue-ey'd Patty.

II.

But nipping frosts and chilling rain
Too soon, alas! chok'd every strain;
Too soon, alas! the miry way
Her wet-shod feet did sore dismay,
And hoarse was heard my blue-ey'd Patty:

While I for very mad did cry;
 Ah could I but again, said I,
 Here the sweet voice of blue-ey'd Patty!

III.

Love taught me how, I work'd, I fung,
 My anvil glow'd, my hammer rung,
 Till I had form'd from out the fire,
 To bear her feet above the mire,
 An engine for my blue ey'd Patty.
 Again was heard each tuneful close;
 My fair one on the patten rose,
 Which takes its name from blue-ey'd Patty

 BALLAD.

 IN HARVEST HOME.

As Derm ot toil'd one summer's day,
 Young Shelah, as she sat beside him,
 Fair ly stole his heart away—
 Oh den to hear how she'd deride him.

Where, poor Dermot, is it gone,
Your lilly lilly loodle ?
They've left you nothing but the drone,
And that's yourself, you noodle.

Beum bum boodle loodle loo,
Poor Dermot's pipe is lost and gone,
And what will the poor devil do ?

II.

Fait now I am undone and more,
Cry'd Dermot—ah will you be easy ?
Did not you stale my heart before ?
Is it you'd have a man-run crazy ?

I've nothing left me now to moan,
My lilly lilly loodle,
That used to cheer me so, is gone—
Ah Dermot thou'rt a noodle.

Beum bum boodle loodle lo,
My heart, and pipe, and peace are gone—
What next will cruel Shelah do ?

III.

But Shelah hearing Dermot vex,
Cry'd she, 'twas little Cupid mov'd me,
Ye fool, to steal it out of tricks,
Only to see how much you lov'd me.

Come cheer thee Dermot, never moan,
But take your lilly loodle,
And for the heart of you that's gone,
You shall have mine you noodle.

Beum bum boodle loodle loo,
Shelah's to church with Dermot gone,
And for the rest, what's dat to you.

BALLAD.

IN CLUMP AND CUDDEN.

This this my lad's a soldier's life,
He marches to the sprightly fife,
And in each town, to some new wife,
Swears he'll be ever true :

—He's here—he's there—where is he not?
Variety's his envied lot,
He eats, drinks, sleeps, and pays no shot,
And follows the loud tattoo.

Call'd out to face his country's foes,
The tears of fond domestic woes

DIBDIN'S SELECTED SONGS. III

He kisses off, and boldly goes
To earn of fame his due.
Religion, liberty, and laws,
Both his are, and his country's cause—
For these, through danger, without pause,
He follows the loud tattoo.

III.

And if at last, in honour's wars,
He earn his share of danger's scars,
Still he feels bold, and thanks his stars.
He's no worse fate to rue:

At Chelsea, free from toil and pain,
He wields his crutch, points out the slain,
And in fond fancy once again
Follows the loud tattoo.

BALLAD.

IN TOM THUMB.

Is it little Tom Thumb that you mean, and his battles?
Arrah send him for playthings some whistles and rattles:
At the sight of a sword all his nerves would be quaking,
He fight! he kill giants! is it game you are making?

112 DIBDIN'S SELECTED SONGS.

As well may you tell us that eagles fear larks,
That mice eat up lions, and sprats swallow sharks:
Then talk not of any such nonsense to me—
Wid your confounded boderum bumboodle liddle lee.

II.

Tom Thumb! such a shrimp sure no eyes ever saw—
He handles his arms as a fly-hugs a straw:
To be sure in the wars danger's certain to quit him,
For the tafe's such a flea dares no bullet can hit him.

And then as to courage, my jewel—hoot, hoot—
Arrah did not I find him chin deep in my boot?
Then talk not of any such nonsense to me,
Wid your confounded boderum bumboodle liddle lee.

III.

Tom Thumb marry you!—mussha honey be easy,
Were it not for your sence I should think you gone
crazy:

Shall a fine stately ostrich thus wed a cock sparrow?
'Twere a halbard stuck up by the side of an arrow—

Or a fly on a church, or a mountain and mouse,
Or a pismire that crawls by the side of a house:
Then talk not of any such nonsense to me,
With your confounded boderum bumboodle liddle lee.

BALLAD.

THAT all the world is up in arms,
And talks of nought but Celia's charms;
That crowds of lovers, near and far,
Come all to see this blazing star,
Is true—who has not heard on't?

But that she all at distance keeps,
And that her virtue never sleeps—
I don't believe a word on't.

II.

That for one lover had she ten,
In short, did she from all the men
Her homage due each day receive,
She has good sense, and, I believe,
Would never grow absurd on't:

But for soft dalliance she'd refuse
Some favourite from the crowd to chuse—
I don't believe a word on't.

III.

That in the face of standers-by
She's modesty itself's no lie;

That then were men rude things to say,
'Twould anger her—oh I would lay
A bottle and a bird on't.

But to her bedchamber, d'ye see,
That Betty has no private key,
I don't believe a word on't.

BALLAD.

SPIRITS of distress, of ev'ry occupation,
Persuasion, mode, complexion, temper, climate, in-
clination,

Come here! come here!

Spirit of a friar obliged to go to mass,
Spirit of a failor who leaves his pretty lass,
Spirit of a drunkard deprived of his glass,
Appear! appear!

Spirit of a virgin old and antiquated,
Who forty long winters has sigh'd out unmated,
Come here! come here!

Spirit of a quaker, deceiv'd in pretty Ruth,

Spirit of an old man who apes the tricks of youth,
 Spirit of an hypocrite oblig'd to speak the truth,
 Appear ! Appear !

III.

Spirit of a Briton just arriv'd gay France in,
 Who, 'stead of beef and fighting, meets with nought
 but frogs and dancing,
 Come here ! come here !

Spirit of an alderman, the dinner thrown down,
 Spirit of a lover who has just receiv'd a frown,
 Spirit of a beauty disappointed of her gown,
 Appear ! appear !

BALLAD.

I'LL tell you a story—a story that's true,
 A story that's tragic and comical too,
 'Tis of a mischance that was ready to fall
 On this realm through the skylight of Westminster-hall.
 Sing bags and briefs, bands, gowns, and other like
 rigs,
 Queues, bags, ties, and full-bottom wigs, wigs, wigs.

II.

The court was just open'd, and each learned brother
 Preparing which readiest could puzzle the other,
 When on top of the house a poor ignorant wench
 Puzzled judge, jury, counsel, and all the whole bench.

Sing bags and briefs, &c.

III.

Some say they a knotty dispute were upon,
 Of some trifle like perjury, bail, or crim. con.
 When this maid, with goodnature alone for her object,
 Wash'd the windows to let in some light on the subject.

Sing bags and briefs, &c.

IV.

Others say, and that boldly, this fly little quean
 Was determined to wash all their consciences clean;
 But that would have taken, so wrong was her notion,
 Instead of some drops, more than all the whole ocean.

Sing bags and briefs, &c.

But the lawyers, with consciences ever awake,
 Did the poor girl's civility strangely mistake,

And augmenting this mouse to a mountain of evil,
Took her mop for a pitch-fork, and her for the devil.

Sing bags and briefs, &c.

VI.

One appealing, however, less scar'd than the rest,
Their absurd apprehensions soon turn'd to a jest;
Crying, courage! old Nick will not take you this bout,
He'll be punctual ne'er fear, but your time is not out.

Sing bags and briefs, &c.

VII.

And now, lest the roof on their noddles should fall,
In two minutes deserted was Westminster-hall,
Pris'ner, judge, and jew-bail 'gainst each other did
squeeze,

And the counsel bags, wigs, and all lost—but their fees.

Sing bags and briefs, &c.

No longer let France then her Joan of Arc boast,
Of her country's stout foes who subdu'd a whole host,
On the maid of the skylight more honour shall fall,
For she routed the lawyers from Westminster-hall.

Sing bags and briefs, &c.

BALLAD.

**FAIT, honey, in Ireland, I'd find out a flaw
In each capias, each batt'ry and action;
For dere—oh my soul—satisfaction is law,
And, what's better, fait law's satisfaction.**

**When to cut your friend's trote dat affronts you's the
word,**

**From dat argument none will be shrinking;
For we clear knotty points by the point of the sword,
And make flaws large enough with our pinking.**

**And great is the pleasure it yield,
While our seconds are hard at our back,
And boldly we both take the field,
Wid our tierce and our carte—sa, sa, whack!**

**Arrah troth were a jolman pursued at his heel
By a constable, fait, or a baily,
To be sure in three minutes the taef would not feel
O'er his sponce a tight bit of shelaly.**

**Then for actions and bonds, and dat charming long
lift,
Of returns dat in law cut a figure,**

Oh we make out returns by a turn of the wrist,
And draw bonds by the pull of a trigger.

And great are the pleasures it yield,
When our seconds are hard at our back,
When boldly we both take the field,
Wid our tierce and our carte—fa, fa, whack!

BALLAD.

I thought we were fiddle and bow,
So well we in concert kept time,
But, to strike up a part base and low,
Without either reason or rhyme:

What a natural was I so soon
With pleasure to quaver away!
For I'm humm'd, I think, now to some tune,
She has left me the piper to pay.

I plainly perceive she's in glee,
And thinks I shall be such a flat
As to shake, but she's in a wrong key,
For she never shall catch me at that.

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And thinks I shall be such a flat
As to shake, but she's in a wrong key,
For she never shall catch me at that.

Whoe'er to the crotchets of love
 Lets his heart dance a jig in his breast,
 'Twill a bar to his happiness prove,
 And shall surely deprive him of rest.

BALLAD.

I sing of a war set on foot for a toy,
 And of Paris, and Helen, and Hector, and Troy,
 Where on women, kings, gen'ral's, and coblers you
 stumble,
 And of mortals and gods meet a very strange jumble.

Sing didderoo bubberoo oh my joy,
 How sweetly they did one another destroy,
 Come fill up your bumpers, the whisky enjoy,
 May we ne'er see the like of the siege of Troy.

II.

Menelaus was happy wid Helen his wife,
 Except dat she led him a devil of a life,
 Wid dat handsome taef Paris she'd toy and she'd play,
 Till they pack'd up their alls and they both ran away.
 Sing didderoo, &c.

III.

Agamemnon, and all the great chiefs of his house,
Soon took up the cause of this hornified spouse ;
While Juno said this thing, and Venus said that,
And the gods fell a wrangling they knew not for what.

Sing didderoo, &c.

IV.

Oh den such a slaughter and cutting of trotes,
And slaying of bullocks, and off'ring up goats ;
Till the cunning Ulysses, the Trojans to cross,
Clapt forty fine fellows in one wooden horse.

Sing didderoo, &c.

V.

Oh den for to see the maids, widows, and wives,
Crying some for their virtue and some for their lives,
Thus after tin years they'd definded their town,
Poor dear Troy in tin minutes was all burnt down.

Sing didderoo, &c.

VI.

But to see how it ended's the best joke of all,
Scarce had wrong'd Menelaus ascended the wall ;

But he blubb'ring saw Helen, and, oh strange to tell,
The man took his mare, and so all was well.

Sing didderoo, &c.

BALLAD.

I sing Ulysses and those chiefs
Who, out of near a million,
So luckily their bacon sav'd
Before the walls of Ilion.

Yankee doodle doodle doo,
Black Negro he get fumbo,
And when you come to our town
We'll make you drunk with bumbo.

II.

Who have taken sack'd and burnt
That very first of cities,
Return'd in triumph, while the bards
All struck up amorous ditties.

Yankee doodle, &c.

III.

The Cyclops first we visited,
 Ulysses made him cry out,
 For he eat his mutton, drank his wine,
 And then he pok'd his eye out.

Yankee doodle, &c.

IV.

From thence we went to Circe's land,
 Who faith a girl of spunk is,
 For she made us drunk, and chang'd us all
 To asses, goats, and monkies.

Yankee doodle, &c.

V.

And then to hell and back again,
 Then where the Syrens Cara
 Swell cadence, trill, and shake, almost
 As well as Madam Mara.

Yankee doodle, &c.

VI.

To fell Charibdis next, and then
 Where yawning Scylla grapples

Six men at once, and eats them all
Just like so many apples.

Yankee doodle, &c.

VII.

From thence to where Apollo's bulls
And sheep all play and skip so,
From whence Ulysses went alone
To the island of Calypso.

Yankee doodle, &c.

VIII.

And there he kifs'd, and toy'd, and play'd,
Tis true upon my life Sir,
Till, having turn'd his mistress off,
He's coming to his wife Sir.

Yankee doodle, &c.

GLEE.

WE, on the present hour relying,
Think not of future, nor of past,

But seize each moment as 'tis flying,
Perhaps the next may be our last.

Perhaps old Charon, at his ferry,
This moment waits to waft us o'er;
Then charge your glasses, and be merry,
For fear we ne'er should charge them more.

II.

With brow austere, and head reclining,
Let envy, age, and haggard care
Grow sour, and at our joy repining,
Blame pleasures which they cannot share.

Put round the glasses, and be jolly,
In spite of all such idle stuff,
Whether 'tis wisdom, or 'tis folly,
'Tis pleasure boys, and that's enough.

BALLAD.

I've made to marches Mars descend,
Justice in jigs her scales suspend,
Magicians in gavots portend,
And Furies black wigs bristle.

To prestos Pallas' Ægis blaze,
Snakes twist to fugues a thousand ways,
And Jove whole towns with lightning raze,
At sound of the prompter's whistle.

II.

I've made a fun of polish'd tin,
Dragons of wood, with ghastly grin,
A canvas sea, the which within
Did leather dolphins caper;

I've strung with packthread Orpheus' lyre,
Made sheep and oxen dance with wire,
And have destroyed, with painted fire,
Grand temples of cartridge paper.

III.

I've made a swain, his love asleep,
Chide warbling birds and bleating sheep,
While he himself did bawling keep,
Like boatman at a ferry.

I've racks made that no blood could spill,
Foul poison that could do no ill,
And daggers queens and princes kill,
Who are alive and merry.

BALLAD.

WHEN last from the straits we had fairly cast anchor,
I went, bonny Kitty to hail,
With quintables stor'd, for our voyage was a spanker,
And bran new was every sail :

But I knew well enough how, with words sweet as
honey,
They trick us poor tars of our gold,
And when the sly gipsies have finger'd the money,
The bag they poor Jack give to hold.

II.

So I chas'd her, d'ye see, my lads, under false colours,
Swore my wishes were all at an end,
That I sported away all my good-lookin g dollars,
And borrow'd my togs of a friend.

Oh then had you seen her, no longer my honey,
'Twas varlet, audacious, and bold,
Begone from my sight now you've spent all your money,
For Kitty the bag you may hold.

III.

With that I took out double handfuls of shiners,
And scornfully bid her good bye,

'Twould have done your heart good had you then seen
her fine airs,
How she'd leer, and she'd sob, and she'd sigh,
But I stood well the broadside—while jewel and honey
She call'd me, I put up the gold,
And bearing away, as I sack'd all the money,
Left the bag for Ma'am Kitty to hold.

BALLAD.

THOU man of firmness turn this way,
Nor time by absence measure;
The sportive dance, the sprightly lay
Shall wake thee into pleasure.
Spite of thy formal outward man,
Thou'rt gay, as we shall prove thee,
Then cheer thee, laugh away thy span,
And let the spirit move thee.

II.

None are more just, more true, more fair,
More upright in their dealings,
Than men of thy persuasion are—
But are they without feelings?

E'en now I know thy honest heart
 Full sorely doth reprove thee ;
 Be gay then, in our mirth take part,
 And let the spirit move thee.

BALLAD:

IN Paris, as in London,
 Vice thrives, and virtue's undone ;
 Errors, passions, want of truth,
 Folly, in age as well as youth,
 Are things by no means rare :
 But honest usurers, friends sincere,
 And judges with their conscience clear,
 C'est qu'on ne voit guere.

II.

In Paris all things vary,
 Sixteen and sixty marry ;
 Men presuming on their purse,
 Heirs with their estates at nurse,
 Are things by no means rare :

But doctors who refuse a fee,
And wives and husbands who agree,
C'est qu'on ne voit guere.

III.

In Paris idle passion
And folly lead the fashion;
Attention paid to shew and dress,
Modest merit in distress,
Are things by no means rare:

But friendship in sarcastic sneers,
And honesty in widows' tears,
C'est qu'on ne voit guere.

BALLAD.

Behold the fairies' jocund band,
Who firm, though low of stature,
'Gainst giant vice shall make a stand,
Portraying human nature.

We've characters of every mould,
All tempers, forms, and sizes,

The grave, the gay, the young, the old,
Hid under quaint disguises.

They hey for the faries, &c.

II.

We have a priest who never swears,
But who is always ready
With money, or advice, or prayers,
To help the poor and needy.

They hey for the fairies, &c.

III.

A man and wife who both on crutch
Are now oblig'd to hobble,
Who fifty years, or near as much,
Have never had a squabble.

They hey for the faries, &c.

IV.

A magistrate upright and wise,
To whom no bribe is given,
And who before two charming eyes
Can hold the balance even.

They hey for the faries, &c.

V.

A learn'd physician of great skill,
All cures, like Galen, pat in,
Who never does his patients kill,
Take fees, or jabber latin.

They hey for the fairies, &c.

VI.

A country squire who hates the smell
Of Stingo and October;
A modern poet who can spell,
And a musician fober.

They hey for the fairies, &c.

VII.

Away then, comrades, beat to arms,
Display your sportful banners,
Strike hard at vice, explore false charms,
And catch the living manners.

They hey for the fairies, &c.

BALLAD.

Chairs to mend, old chairs to mend.

Like mine to botch is each man's fate,
Each toils in his vocation—

One man tinkers up the state,
Another mends the nation :

Your parsons preach to mend the heart ;
They cobble heads at college ;
Physicians patch with terms of art
And latin, want of knowledge.

But none for praise can more contend
Than I,
Who cry
Old chairs to mend.

II.

Your lawyer's tools are flaws and pleas ;
They manners mend by dancing ;
Wigs are patches for degrees,
And lovers use romancing :

Fortunes are mended up and made ;
Too frequently, with places—

With rouge, when their complexions fade,
Some ladies mend their faces.

But none for praise, &c.

BALLAD.

A tinker I am,
My name's Natty Sam,
From morn to night I trudge it;
So low is my fate,
My personal estate
Lies all within this budget.

Work for the tinker ho! good wives,
For they are lads of mettle—
'Twere well if you could mend your lives
As I can mend a kettle.

II.

The man of war,
The man of the bar,
Physicians, priests, free-thinkers,

That rove up and down
Great London town,
What are they all but tinkers ?

Work for the tinker, &c.

III.

Those 'mong the great
Who tinker the state,
And badger the minority,
Pray what's the end
Of their work, my friend,
But to rivet a good majority.

Work for the tinker, &c.

IV.

This mends his name
That cobbles his fame,
That tinkers his reputation :
And thus, had I time,
I could prove, in my rhyme,
Jolly tinkers of all the nation.

Work for the tinker, &c.

BALLAD.

ART one of those mad wags, whose brain,
Intruder reason can't contain,
Who are of such unruly minds,
They buffet waves and split the winds;

In blanket robe, and crown of straw,
Who to mad subjects deal mad law?
If this 'tis makes thy bosom swell,
Hie good Demoniac to thy cell.

II.

Or art thou drunk—a frenzy too,
One of that hair-brain'd, noisy crew,
Who vigils keep at Bacchus' shrine,
And drown good reason in bad wine;

Every desire in life who think
Comprisd in a desire to drink?
If by this demon thou'rt possessed,
Hie thee good drunkard home to rest.

III.

Or art in love, and so gone mad?
Dost go with folded arms? art sad?

Dost sigh? dost languish? dost play pranks?
For which contempt is all thy thanks?

Dost pant? dost long for some frail charms,
Devoted to another's arms?
Is this thy madness, stupid elf?
Hie thee away, and hang thyself!

BALLAD.

IN CLUMP AND CUDDEN.

WHEN in order drawn up, and adorn'd in his best,
If my soldier appears with more grace than the rest,
If his gaiters are jet, his accoutrements fine,
If his hair's tied up tight, and his arms brightly shine,
Let him turn, wheel, or face, march, kneel, stoop, or
stand,
Anxious still to obey every word of command;
Erect like an arrow, or bending his knee,
'Tis not for the general, 'tis all to please me.

II.

If with smoke and with dust cover'd over by turns,
To gain a sham height, or false bastion he burns;

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If of danger in spight, and regardless of fear,
He rushes to fight when there's nobody near:

In short, let him turn, &c.

BALLAD.

IN CLUMP AND CUDDEN.

A novice in love, and a stranger to art,
As pure as my wishes my unpractis'd heart;
When I rose with the lark, and out-warbled the thrush,
Free from falsehood or guile, for I knew not to blush:
Those past days I deplore.

When innocence guarded my unfullied fame,
When to think, and to act, and commend were the
same;

When on my face,
With artless grace,
Danc'd frolick, sport, and pleasure—now no more.

II.

Ere I listen'd and lov'd, ere man smil'd and betray'd,
Ere by horror appall'd, and of conscience afraid;

Lost to each fond delight that e'er woman adorn'd,
By a hard judging world look'd at, pity'd, and scorn'd:
Those past joys I deplore.

Those joys, ere by man's artful treach'ry forfook,
Which, guiltless and pleas'd, with the world I par-
took ;

When on my face,

With artless grace,

Danc'd frolick, sport, and pleasure—now no more.

DUET.

IN CLUMP AND CUDDEN.

PLATOON.

Say, Fanny, wilt thou go with me ?

Perils to face by land and sea

That tongue can never tell ye ?

And wilt thou all these dangers scorn,

Whilst in these arms

I hold thy charms,

Enraptured ev'ry op'ning morn,

When the drum beats reveillez.

FANNY.

Yes, yes, Platoon—I'll go with thee,
In danger whatfoe'er it be—

Believe 'tis truth I tell you ;

My constant mind shall peril scorn,

Brave all alarms,

So in my arms

I hold thee every op'ning morn,

When the drum beats reveillez.

PLATOON.

Still Fanny wilt thou go with me ?

Suppose the cruel fates decree,

Alas ! how shall I tell you ? .

' The news should come—thy soldier fell,

And thou shalt hear,

Appall'd with fear,

Next morn his fatal passing bell,

When the drum beats reveillez.

FANNY.

Still fearless will I go with thee,

Resign'd to cruel fate's decree,

And bravely this I tell you :

When on the spot my soldier fell
 I'd shed a tear
 The world should hear,
 Mingling with his, my passing bell,
 When the drum beats reveillez.

BOTH.

To the world's end I'd go with thee,
 Where thou art, danger ne'er can be;
 My joy no tongue can tell you:

And sure such love may perils scorn,
 Brave all alarms,
 While in my arms

I hold thee ev'ry op'ning morn,
 When the drum beats reveillez.

BALLAD.

NOSEGAYS I cry, and, though little you pay,
 They're such as you cannot get every day.
 Who'll buy? who'll buy?—'tis nosegays I cry.
 Who'll buy? who'll buy?—'tis nosegays I cry.

142 DIBDIN'S SELECTED SONGS.

Each mincing, ambling, lisping blade,
Who smiles, and talks of blisses
He never felt, is here portray'd
In form of a narcissus.

Nosegays I cry, &c.

Statesmen, like Indians, who adore
The sun, by courting power,
Cannot be shewn their likeness more
Than in th' humble sun-flower.

Nosegays I cry, &c.

Poets I've here in sprigs of bays,
Devils in the bush are friars;
Nettles are critics, who damn plays,
And satirists are briars.

Nosegays I cry, &c.

BALLAD.

IN TOM THUMB.

THE younker, who his first essay
Makes in the front of battle,

Stands all aghast while cohorts play,
And bullets round him rattle.

But pride steps in, and now no more
Fell fear his javlin lances;
Like dulcet flutes the cannons roar,
And groans turn country dances.

II.

So frights and flurries, and what not,
Upon my fancy rushes,
I fear I know not why or what,
I'm cover'd o'er with blushes.

But let the honey season fly,
To second well my clapper,
The kitchen's whole artillery
Shall grace my husband's knapper.

BALLAD.

IN THE WHIM OF THE MOMENT.

'Tis said we venturous die-hards, when we leave the
shore,

Our friends should mourn,
 Left we return
 To bless their sight no more.
 But this is all a notion
 Bold Jack can't understand,
 Some die upon the ocean,
 And some on the land :

Then since 'tis clear,
 Howe'er we steer,
 No man's life's under his command,
 Let tempests howl,
 And billows roll,
 And danger prefs :
 Of those in spight, there are some joys
 Us jolly tars to bless,
 For Saturday night still comes my boys
 To drink to Poll and Bess.

II.

One seaman hands the sails, another heaves the log,
 The purser swops
 Our pay for fops,
 The landlord sells us grog :
 Thus each man to his station,
 To keep life's ship in trim,
 What argues noration ?
 The rest is all a whim :

Cheerly my hearts,
Then, play your parts,
Boldly resolv'd to sink or swim;
The mighty surge
May ruin urge,
And danger press:

Of those in spight, &c.

III.

For all the world's just like the ropes aboard a ship;
Each man's rigg'd out
A vessel stout,
To take for life a trip;
The shrouds, and stays, and braces
Are joys, and hopes, and fears;
The halliards, sheets, and traces,
Still, as each passion veers,
And whim prevails,
Direct the sails,
As on the sea of life he steers:
Then let the storm
Heaven's face deform,
And danger press;
Of those in spight, &c.

BALLAD.

IN THE WHIM OF THE MOMENT.

THE grey-ey'd Aurora, in saffron array,
 'Twixt my curtains in vain took a peep,
 And though broader and broader still brightened the
 day,
 Nought could rouse me, so sound did I sleep.

At length rosy Phæbus look'd full in my face,
 Full and fervent, but nothing would do,
 Till the dogs yelp'd impatient, and long'd for the
 chase,
 And shouting appear'd the whole crew.

Come on, yoics honies, hark forward my boys,
 There ne'er was so charming a morn,
 Follow, follow, wake Echo, to share in our joys—
 Now the music, now echo—mark! mark!
 Hark! hark!
 The silver-mouth'd hounds, and the mellow-ton'd horn.

II.

Fresh as that smiling morning from which they drew
 health,
 My companions are rang'd on the plain,

Blest with rosy contentment, that nature's best wealth,
Which monarchs aspire to in vain :

Now spirits like fire every bosom invade,
And now we in order set out,
While each neighbouring valley, rock, woodland, and
glade,
Re-vollies the air-rending shout.

Come on, yoics honey, &c.

III.

Now reynard's unearth'd and runs fairly in view,
Now we've lost him, so subtly he turns,
But the scent lies so strong, still we fearless pursue,
While each object impatiently burns ;

Hark, Babler gives tongue, and Fleet, Driver and Sly,
The fox now the covert forsakes ;
Again he's in view, let us after him fly,
Now, now to the river he takes.

Come on, yoics honies, &c.

IV.

From the river poor reynard can make but one push,
No longer so proudly he flies,
Tir'd, jaded, worn out, we are close to his brush,
And conquer'd, like Cæsar, he dies.

148 DIBDIN'S SELECTED SONGS.

And now in high glee to the board we repair,
Where sat, as we jovially quaff,
His portion of merit let every man share,
And promote the convivial laugh.

Come on, yoics honey, &c.

BALLAD.

IN THE WHIM OF THE MOMENT.

FROM prudence let my joys take birth,
Let me not be passion's slave,
Approv'd by reason, sweet's the mirth,
Vice of pleasure is the grave.

Then still to reason's dictates true,
Select the sweets of life like bees;
Thus your enjoyments will be few
But such as on reflection please.

III.

Wine exhilarates the soul,
Inspires the mirth of every feast,
But gluttons so may drain the bowl,
Till man degenerates to beast;

Then mirth and wisdom keep in view,
And freely on the bottle seize;
What though your pleasures are but few,
They're such as on reflection please.

III.

Love the source of human joys,
The mind with bliss that sweetly fills,
Too often its own end destroys,
And proves the source of human ills:

Here reason's dictates keep in view,
Or, farewell freedom, farewell ease,
The real joys of life are few
But such as on reflection please.

IV.

Then while we meet, let's only own
Joys that do honour to the heart,
And ceasing to prize these alone,
Deplore our frailty, sigh, and part;

Meanwhile to reason's dictates true,
Select the sweets of life like bees,
Thus your enjoyments will be few
But such as on reflection please.

BALLAD.

IN THE WHIM OF THE MOMENT.

THE spangled green confess'd the morn,
The rose-bud dropt a tear,
And liquid prisms bedeck'd the thorn,
When Sandy fought his dear ;

Sure never loon was e'er so cross'd—

Ye shepherds swains impart,
Where did she gang? ah me! I've lost
The lassie of my heart.

Her charms are felt as soon as kenn'd,
Eyne bright as brilliant gem,
But of her beauties there's no end,
Why need I talk of them?

Each shepherd swain finds to his cost,
What power they can impart,
But most poor Sandy, who has lost
The lassie of his heart.

III.

But mine's the fault and mine's the grief,
How could I rashly dare;
Oh I have sin'd beyond relief,
'Gainst all that's sweet and rare:

But see she comes! cease heart to bound,
Some comfort ah impart;
She smiles! ah shepherds I have found
The lass of my heart!

BALLAD.

IN THE WHIM OF THE MOMENT.

Of all sensations pity brings,
To proudly swell the ample heart,
From which the willing sorrow springs,
In others grief that bears a part.

Of all sad sympathy's delights,
The manly dignity of grief,
A joy in mourning that excites,
And gives the anxious mind relief:

Of these would you the feeling know,
Most gen'rous, noble, greatly brave,
That ever taught a heart to glow,
'Tis the tear that bedews a soldier's grave.

II.

For hard and painful is his lot,
Let dangers come he braves them all;
Valiant perhaps to be forgot,
Or undistinguish'd doom'd to fall:

Yet wrapt in conscious worth secure,
The world, that now forgets his toils,
He views from a retreat obscure,
And quits it with a willing smile.

Then trav'ler one kind drop bestow,
'Twere graceful pity, nobly brave;
Nought ever taught the heart to glow
Like the tear that bedews a soldier's grave.

BALLAD.

IN THE WHIM OF THE MOMENT.

Go patter to lubbers and swabs d'ye see
'Bout danger, and fear, and the like,
A tight water boat and good sea room give me,
And t'ent to a little I strike ;

Though the tempest top gallant masts smack smooth
should smite,
And shiver each splinter of wood,
Clear the wreck, stow the yards, and bouze every thing
tight,
And under reef'd foresail we'll scud :

Awaft, nor don't think me a milk-sop so soft
To be taken for trifles aback,
For they says there's a providence fits up aloft,
To keep watch for the life of poor Jack.

II.

Why I heard the good chaplain palaver one day
About souls, heaven, mercy, and such,
And, my timbers, what lingo he'd coil and belay,
Why 'twas just all as one as high Dutch :

But he said how a sparrow can't founder, d'ye see,
 Without orders that comes down below,
 And many fine things that prov'd clearly to me,
 That providence takes us in tow;
 For says he, do you mind me, let storms e'er so oft
 Take the top-sails of sailors aback,
 There's a sweet little cherub that sits up aloft,
 To keep watch for the life of poor Jack.

III.

I said to our Poll, for you see she would cry,
 When last we weighed anchor for sea,
 What argufies sniv'ling and piping your eye?
 Why what a damn'd fool you must be:
 Can't you see the world's wide and there's room for us
 all,
 Both for seamen and lubbers ashore;
 And if to old Davy I should go friend Poll,
 Why you never will hear of me more:
 What then, all's a hazard, come don't be so soft,
 Perhaps I may laughing come back,
 For d'ye see there's a cherub sits smiling aloft,
 To keep watch for the life of poor Jack.

IV.

D'ye mind me a sailor should be every inch
 All as one as a piece of a ship,

And with her brave the world without offering to flinch
From the moment the anchor's a trip:

As for me, in all weathers, all times, fides, and ends,
Nought's a trouble from duty that springs,
For my heart is my Poll's, and my rhino my friend's,
And as for my life 'tis the king's:

Even when my time comes ne'er believe me so soft
As with grief to be taken aback,
That same little cherub that fits up aloft
Will look out a good birth for poor Jack.

BALLAD.

IN THE WHIM OF THE MOMENT.

WHAT though from Venus Cupid sprung,

No attribute divine,

Whate'er the bawling bards have sung,

Had he, his bow till Bacchus strung,

And dipp'd his darts in wine:

Till old Silenus plung'd the boy

In nectar from the vine,

Then love, that was before a toy,

Became the source of mortal joy;

The urchin shook his dewy wings,
 And careless levelled clowns and kings,
 Such power has mighty wine.

II.

When Theseus on the naked shore
 Fair Ariadne left,
 D'ye think she did her fate deplore,
 Or her fine locks or bosom tore,
 Like one of hope bereft:

Not she indeed, her fleeting love
 From mortal turns divine,
 And as gay Bacchus' tigers move,
 His car ascends amidst a grove
 Of vines, surrounded by a throng,
 Who lead the jolly pair along,
 Almost half gone with wine.

III.

Ma'am Helen, lov'd the Phrygian boy,
 He thought her all his own,
 But hottest love will soonest cloy,
 He ne'er had brought her safe to Troy
 But for the wife of Thone.

She, merry gossip, mixed a cup
 Of tippie, right divine;

To keep love's flagging spirits up,
And Helen drank it every sup;
This liquor is, 'mongst learned elves,
Nepenthe call'd, but, 'twixt ourselves,
'Twas nothing more than wine.

IV.

Of Lethe and its flowery brink
Let musty poets prate,
Where thirsty souls are said to drink,
That never they again may think
Upon their former state.

What is there in this fount of bliss,
I pray you so divine?
Grief finds the palace and the cot,
Which for a time were well forgot;
Come here then, in our lethe share,
The true oblivion of your care
Is only found in wine.

When Helen lov'd the Trojan boy

He thought not of his own

But hither love will lead us on

He never had brought her to Troy

But for the wife of Thon

She, merry goddess, mix'd a cup

Of nectar, right divine

RONDEAU.

IN THE WHIM OF THE MOMENT.

SMILING grog is the failor's best hope, his sheet anchor
 His compass, his cable, his log,
 That gives him a heart which life's cares cannot canker
 Though dangers around him
 Unite to confound him,
 He braves them and tips off his grog.

'Tis grog, only grog,
 Is his rudder, his compass, his cable, his log,
 The failor's sheet anchor is grog.

What though he to a friend, in trust,
 His prize money convey,
 Who to his bond of faith unjust,
 Cheats him, and runs away,

What's to be done? he vents a curse
 'Gainst all false hearts ashore,
 Of the remainder clears his purse,
 And then to sea for more.

There smiling grog, &c.

What though his girl, who often swore
 To know no other charms,

He finds, when he returns ashore,
 Clasp'd in a rivals arms;
 What's to be done? he vents a curse,
 And seeks a kinder she,
 Dances, gets groggy, clears his purse,
 And goes again to sea.

To crosses born, still trusting there,
 The waves less faithless than the fair;
 There into toils to rush again,
 And stormy perils brave—what then

Smiling grog, &c.

BALLAD.

IN THE WHIM OF THE MOMENT.

YANKO he tell, and he no lie,
 We near one pretty brook,
 Him flowing hair him lovely yiei
 Sweetly on Orra look :
 Him 'see big world fine warrior men,
 Grand cruel king love blood ;
 Great king ! but Yanko say what den
 If he no honest good ?

Virtue in foe be virtue still,
Fine stone be found in mine,
The sun one dale, as well one hill,
Make warm where'er him shine.

II.

You broder him, him broder you,
So all de world should call,
For nature say, and she say true,
That men be broder all.

If cruel man, like tiger grim,
Come bold in thirst of blood,
Poor man :—be noble—pity him,
That he no honest good :

Virtue in foe be virtue still,
Fine stone be found in mine,
The sun one dale, as well one hill,
Make warm where'er him shine.

BALLAD.

IN THE WHIM OF THE MOMENT.

I am a jolly fisherman,
I catch what I can get,
Still going on my betters plan,
All's fish that comes to net;
Fish, just like men, I've often caught,
Crabs, gudgeons, poor John, codfish,
And many a time to market brought
A dev'lish sight of odd fish.
Thus all are fishermen through life,
With wary pains and labour,
This baits with gold, and that a wife,
And all to catch his neighbour;
Then praise the jolly fisherman,
Who takes what he can get,
Still going on his betters' plan,
All's fish that comes to net.

II.

The pike, to catch the little fry,
Extends his greedy jaw,

For all the world, as you and I,
Have seen your man of law :

He who to laziness devotes

His time, is sure a numb fish,
And members who give silent votes
May fairly be called dumb fish :

False friends to eels we may compare,
The roach resembles true ones ;
Like gold-fish we find old ones rare,
Plenty as herrings new ones.

Then praise, &c.

III.

Like fish then mortals are a trade,
And trapp'd, and sold, and bought;
The old wife and the tender maid
Are both with tickling caught ;

Indeed the fair are caught 'tis said,
If you but throw the line in,
With maggots, flies, or something red,
Or any thing that's shining :

With small fish you must lie in wait

For those of high condition,

But 'tis alone a golden bait

Can catch a learn'd physician.

Then praise, &c.

For all the world, as you and I,
Have seen of law : SONG

IN THE WHIM OF THE MOMENT.

ARM'D with javelin, arm'd with dart,
With mighty arm and steady heart,
We to the battle go ;
Yet, ere we part,
We join with all our friends so dear,
And fervent adoration pay,
To the bright orb that gave us day.

Then void of fear,

We rush to meet the foe :

Stationed on impervious ground,
We watch their numbers scatter'd round ;
The subtle ambush then prepare,
And see ! they fall into the snare :
Hid as in the woods we lay,
They tread the unsuspected way ;
Sudden and fierce from every bush,
Upon the astonish'd foe we rush,
Bold and resolved :—and now around,
Hark ! the dreadful war-whoop sound,
Confusion, terror, and dismay,
It scatters as it wings its way :
They fly ! confusion in their train,
And sanguine slaughter treads the plain !

Hark of our friends the welcome cry,
Proclaims for us the victory!

Then fervent adoration pay
To the bright orb that gave us day.

See the festive train advance,
Breath the music lead the dance!

Sound the cymbals!
Beat the tymbals!

Haste, in glad procession come
To our anxious friends at home,
For our reception who prepare,
While acclamations rend the air,
And loudly a whole nation cry
Honour, glory, victory.

BALLAD.

IN THE WHIM OF THE MOMENT.

Be it known to all those whosoe'er it regards,
That we singers of ballads were always call'd bards;
And from Ida to Grub-street the muses who follow
Are each mother's son the true spawn of Apollo.

Thus recording great men, or a flea, or a star,
Or the spheres, or a jew's-harp, we're all on a par;
Nor in this do I tell you a word of a lie,
For Homer sung ballads and so do I.

II.

Don't you know what the ancients were?—great things
they talk'd,
How they rode upon Pegasus—that's to say, walk'd;
That near kindred gods they drove Phœbus's chariot,
The English of which is—they liv'd in a garret:
And thus they went forward, Diogenes quaff'd,
Heraclitus cried, and Democritus laugh'd,
Menander made multitudes both laugh and cry,
But Homer sung ballads and so do I.

III.

Thus did they strange whimsical notions pursue,
Some argued on one leg, and some upon two;
To which last my pretensions are not hypothetic,
For 'tis certainly clear I'm a parapatetic:

Lycurgus and Solon 'bout laws made a pother,
Which went in at one ear, and then out at t' other,
Old songs such as mine are will nobody buy
Come, Homer sung ballads and so do I.

IV.

Historic was Pliny, and Plato divine,
Ovid wrote about love, and Anacreon wine,
Great Cicero argued to every man's palate,
And when he was out—'twas a hole in the ballad :

Thus to great men of old, who have made such a rout,
My claim to call cousin I've fairly made out,
And if any hereafter my right should deny,
Tell 'em Homer sung ballads, and so do I.

BALLAD.

IN THE BY-STANDER.

Look fairly all the world around,
And, as you truth deliver,
Tell me what character is found
A real *savoir vivre* ?

Who truly merits sober fame—
To find you need not wander,
None can detect life's fraudulent game
So well as the By-stander.

II.

The lover cogs, and palms, and flips,

The easy fair to baffle,

And still, to win that stake her lips,

Will deal, and cut, and shuffle:

Still will he ply each subtle art,

Till he has quite trapann'd her,

And then is sure to trump her heart,

If absent the By-stander.

III.

Preferment is a bowling green

Where, placed in each position,

Bowls jostling in and out are seen,

To reach the Jack ambition.

The bias int'rest still they try,

Twist, turn, and well meander,

Yet their manoeuvres, rub or fly,

Are known to the By-stander.

IV.

The law's a game at whist, wherein

The parties nine are both in,

Where tricks alone the game can win,

And honours go for nothing;

And while they, a sure game to nick,
 Their clients money squander,
 Full many more than one odd trick
 Discovers the By-stander.

V.

The coxcomb plays at shuttlecock,
 The wit commands and questions,
 The carping cits to commerce flock,
 Each follows his suggestions :

Yet he alone who merits fame,
 Who blunts the shafts of slander,
 And on the square life's motley game
 Best plays, is the By-stander.

BALLAD.

IN THE GRACES.

At first like an infant appearing,
 With neither his bow nor his dart,
 To his wiles we attend without fearing,
 Till he creeps by degrees to our hearts :

When soon for our folly requited,
 This guest the sole master we find;
 For scarce to the bosom invited,
 He lords it at will o'er the mind.

BALLAD.

IN THE GRACES.

SAY flutt'ring heart,
 Why after days of sweet delight,
 Where conscious innocence bore part,
 Serene as smiling morn, peaceful as silver night,
 Or gay as noon, when Phœbus' beams shone bright.

Say, how one hour,
 One little instant, could remove
 That vacant careless joy? what power
 Inflict the torments we now prove;
 Cynthia forbid it ever should be love.

Dear goddess, for fair honour's sake,
 Relieve the torments we partake!
 Teach us to cure our am'rous fires,
 Or else permit us our desires:

And this with zealous care perform,
 Swift as the wind that rules the storm;
 Swift as the glowing god of day
 Darts from afar a downward ray,
 And so shall vot'ries to thy praise
 A thousand, thousand altars raise.

BALLAD.

IN THE HONEST IMPOSTOR.

THAT girl who fain would chuse a mate,
 Should ne'er in fondness fail her,
 May thank her lucky stars if fate
 Should splice her to a sailor.

He braves the storm, the battle's heat,
 The yellow boys to nail her?
 Diamonds, if diamonds she could eat,
 Would seek her honest sailor.

II.

If she'd be constant, still his heart
 She sure will never fail her;
 For, though a thousand leagues apart,
 Still faithful is her sailor.

If she be false, still he is kind,
And absent does bewail her,
Her trusting as he trusts the wind,
Still faithless to the sailor.

III.

A butcher can procure her prog,
Three-threads to drink a tailor,
What's that to biscuit and to grog,
Procured her by her sailor.

She who would such a mate refuse,
The devil sure must ail her;
Search round, and, if your wife, you'll chuse
To wed an honest sailor.

BALLAD.**IN THE ODDITIES.**

'Twas in the good ship Rover
I failed the world around,
And for three years and over
I ne'er touch'd British ground;

At length in England landed,
I left the roaring main,
Found all relations stranded,
And went to sea again.

II.

That time bound straight to Portugal,
Right fore and aft we bore;
But, when we'd made Cape Ortugal,
A gale blew off the shore:

She lay, so did it shock her,
A log upon the main;
Till, fav'd from Davy's locker,
We put to sea again.

III.

Next in a frigate failing,
Upon a squally night,
Thunder and lightening hailing
The horrors of the fight,
My precious limb was lopped off,
I, when they'd eas'd my pain,
Thank'd God I was not popped off,
And went to sea again.

Yet still am I enabled
Do bring up in life's rear,
Although I'm quite disabled,
And lie in Greenwich tier;

The king, God bless his royalty,
Who saved me from the main,
I'll praise with love and loyalty,
But ne'er to sea again.

BALLAD.

IN THE ODDITIES.

THE morning breaks,
Those ruddy streaks
Proclaims the opening day,
With glowing health,
The sportsman's wealth,
Away boys, come away.

The mellow horn
On the still morn
Pours sounds which echo mocks,

While following bound
Man, horse, and hound,
T' unearth the wily fox.

Hark echo mocks
The winding horn,
That on the expanded wing of morn,
Though sweet the sound in dreadful yell,
Tolls out a knell
To the devoted fox.

II.

Now off he's thrown,
The day's our own,
See yonder where he takes;
To cheat our eyes,
In vain he tries

The rivers and the brakes.

The mellow horn
Breaks on the morn,
And leads o'er hills and rocks;
While following bound
Man, horse, and hound,
T' entrap the wily fox.

Hark echo mocks, &c.

III.

Now now he's seized,
The dogs well pleased
Behold his eye-balls roll;
He yields his breath,
And from his death
Is born the flowing bowl.

The mellow horn
That through the morn
Led over hills and rocks,
Now sounds a call
To see the fall
Of the expiring fox.

Hark echo mocks, &c.

GLEE.

IN THE WHIM OF THE MOMENT.

Come round me and weep, to your hearts take despair:
'Tis a cause that all nature must mourn,
Poor Hylas of love who from all had a share,
From our wishes for ever is torn.

That Hylas to whom we look'd up for a smile,
 As we blessings from heaven would obtain,
 Whose form was so faultless, whose tongue knew no
 guile,
 Is gone, and our wishes are vain.

BALLAD.

IN THE WHIM OF THE MOMENT.

'Tis true the marks of many years
 Upon my wrinkled front appears,
 Yet have I no such idle fears
 This will my fortune spoil :

Gold still some happiness bestows,
 E'en where no youthful ardour glows;
 For proof, dear girl, take these rouleaus,
 And give me a sweet smile.

II.

'Tis true upon my haggard face,
 No marks of beauty can you trace,
 Nor wears my figure ought of grace,
 To ensure the lover's bliss :

Yet am I no such horrid fright,
But that bank notes may set things right,
Take then these bills all drawn at sight,
And give me a sweet kiss.

III.

'Tis true I know not to be kind,
And that within my hardened mind
No more a jewel can you find
Than beauty in my face:

But one within this casket here,
May make amends, its lustre's clear,
Nor shall I think I've sold it dear,
Paid by a sweet embrace.

BALLAD.

IN THE ODDITIES.

COME painter, with thy happiest sight,
Portray me every grace,
In that blest region of delight,
My charming Sylvia's face:

And hear me painter, to enhance
 The value of thine art,
 Steal from her eyes that very glance
 That stole away my heart.

II.

Her forehead paint, in sway and rule,
 Where sits, with pleasure grac'd,
 A form like Venus beautiful,
 And like Diana chaste:

Then paint her cheeks, come paint and gaze,
 Guard well thy heart the while,
 And then her mouth, where Cupid plays
 In an eternal smile.

III.

Next draw—presumptuous painter hold;
 Ah think'ft to thee twas given
 To paint her bosom?—would'ft so bold
 Presume to copy heaven!

Nay leave the task, for 'tis above,
 Far, far above thine art;
 Her portrait's drawn—the painter love,
 The tablet my fond heart.

BALLAD.

IN THE ODDITIES.

A failor's life's a life of woe,
He works now late now early,
Now up and down, now to and fro,
What then he takes it cheerly:
Blest with a smiling can of grog,

If duty call,
Stand, rise, or fall,
To fate's last verge he'll jog:

The cadge to weigh,
The sheets belay,
He does it with a wish:
To heave the lead,
Or to cat-head
The pond'rous anchor fish:
For, while the grog goes round,
All sense of danger drown'd,
We despise it to a man:

We sing a little, and laugh a little,
And work a little, and swear a little,
And fiddle a little, and foot it a little,
And swig the flowing can.

If howling winds and roaring seas,
 Give proof of coming danger,
 We view the storm, our hearts at ease,
 For Jack's to fear a stranger ;
 Elefs'd with the smiling grog we fly,
 Where now below
 We headlong go,
 Now rise on mountains high :
 Spight of the gale
 We hand the sail,
 Or take the needful reef,
 Or man the deck
 To clear some wreck,

To give the ship relief :
 Though perils threat around,
 All sense of danger's drown'd,
 We despise it to a man.
 We sing a little, &c.

But yet think not our fate is hard,

Though storms at sea thus treat us,
 For coming home, a sweet reward !

With smiles our sweethearts greet us !

Now too the friendly grog we quaff,

Our am'rous toast,

Her we love most,

And gayly sing and laugh:

The sails we furl,

Then for each girl

The petticoat display;

The deck we clear,

Then three times cheer,

As we their charms survey;

And then the grog goes round,

All sense of danger drown'd,

We despise it to a man:

We sing a little, &c.

CATCH.

IN THE BY-STANDER.

HERE lies a philosopher, knowing and brave,

From whom Madam Nature ne'er hid the least wonder,

Who looking to heaven, tumbled into his grave,

And disdain'd that same earth where he rotting lies under.

BALLAD.

IN THE ODDITIES.

AWAY and join the rendezvous,
 Good fellowship reigns here ;
 Joys standard flying in your view,
 To invite each volunteer.

Hark, pleasure's drum
 Cries come, come, come,
 Obey the kind salute,
 The echoing hall
 Resounds the call,
 To welcome each recruit.

II.

Behold the dinner in array,
 A column it appears ;
 While pyramids of whips display
 A corps of grenadiers.
 Hark pleasure's drum, &c.

III.

See rivers, not of blood, poured out,
 But nectar, clear and strong,

Young Ganemede's become a scout,
Hebe an aid-de-camp.

Hark pleasure's drum, &c.

IV.

Mow down the ranks, fee, fee, they fly,
Attack them glaſs in hand;
Close quarters, rally, fight or die,
'Tis Bacchus gives command.

Hark pleasure's drum, &c.

BALLAD.

IN THE ODDITIES.

To Bachelor's Hall we good fellows invite,
To partake of the chafe that makes up our delight ;
We have ſpirits like fire, and of health ſuch a ſtock,
That our pulſe ſtrikes the ſeconds as true as a clock.

Did you ſee us, you'd ſwear, as we mount with a grace,
That Diana had dubb'd ſome new gods of the chafe.
Hark away, hark away, all nature looks gay,
And Aurora with ſmiles uſhers in the bright day.

Dick Thickset came mounted upon a fine black,
 A better fleet gelding ne'er hunter did back;
 Tom Trig rode a bay, full of mettle and bone,
 And gayly Bob Buxom rode proud on a roan;

But the horse of all horses that rivall'd the day
 Was the squire's Neck-or-Nothing, and that was a grey
 Hark away, &c.

III.

Then for hounds, there was Nimble, so well that climbs
 rocks,

And Cocknose, a good one at scenting a fox;
 Little Plunge, like a mole who will ferret and search,
 And beetle-brow'd Hawk's-eye, so dead at a lurch.

Young Sly-looks, who scents the strong breeze from the
 south,

And musical Echo-well, with his deep mouth.

Hark away, &c.

IV.

Our horses thus all of the very best blood,
 'Tis not likely you'll easily find such a stud;

And for hounds, our opinions with thousands we'd back,
That all England throughout can't produce such a pack.

Thus, having described your dogs, horses, and crew,
Away we set off, for the fox is in view.

Hark away, &c.

Sly renard's brought home, while the horns sound a
call,

And now you're all welcome to Bachelor's Hall,
The fav'ry firloin grateful smoaks on the board,
And Bacchus pours wine from his favourite hoard.

Come on then, do honour to this jovial place,
And enjoy the sweet pleasures that spring from the
chafe;

Hark away, hark away, all nature looks gay,
Let us drink to the joys of the next coming day.

BALLAD.

IN THE ODDITIES.

LEX hards elate
Of Sue and Kate

And Moggy take their fill o,
 And pleas'd rehearse
 In jingling verse
 The lafs of Richmond hill o:

A lafs more bright
 My am'rous flight,
 Impell'd by love's fond workings,
 Shall loudly sing,
 Like any thing,
 'Tis charming Peggy Perkins.

II.

Some men compare
 The favourite fair
 To every thing in nature;
 Her eyes divine
 Are suns that shine,
 And so on with each feature.

Leave, leave, ye fools,
 These hackneyed rules,
 And all such subtle quirkings,
 Sun, moon, and stars
 Are all a farce,
 Compared to Peggy Perkins.

III.

Each twanging dart
That through my heart
From Cupid's bow has morriced,
Were it a tree,
Why I should be
For all the world a forest;

Five hundred fops,
With thrugs and hops,
And leers, and smiles, and smirking,
Most willing the
Would leave for me,
Oh what a Peggy Perkins.

BALLAD.**IN THE ODDITIES.**

'Twas Saturday night, the twinkling stars
Shone on the rippling sea,
No duty call'd the jovial tars,
The helm was lash'd a-lee;

The ample can adorn'd the board,
 Prepar'd to see it out,
 Each gave the lafs that he adored,
 And push'd the grog about.

II.

Cried honest Tom, my Peg I'll toast,
 A frigate neat and trim,
 All jolly Portsmouth's favourite boast:
 I'd venture life and limb,

Sail seven long years, and ne'er see land,
 With dauntless heart and stout,
 So tight a vessel to command,
 Then push the grog about.

III.

I'll give, cried little Jack, my Poll,
 Sailing in comely state,
 Top gan'tails set, she is so tall,
 She looks like a first rate:

Ah! would she take her Jack in tow,
 A voyage for life throughout,
 No better birth I'd wish to know,
 Then push the grog about.

IV.

I'll give, cried I, my charming Nan,
Trim, handsome, neat, and tight,
What joy so fine as ship to man?
She is my heart's delight!

So well she bears the storms of life,
I'd sail the world throughout,
Brave every toil for such a wife,
Then push the grog about.

V.

Thus to describe Poll, Peg, or Nan,
Each his best manner tried;
Till, summoned by the empty can,
They to their hammocks hied:

Yet still did they their vigils keep,
Though the huge can was out,
For, in soft visions, gentle sleep
Still push'd the grog about.

A voyage for life throughout,
No better path I'd wish to know,
Then push the grog about.

BALLAD.

IN THE ODDITIES.

THAN marriage and music can ought be more like ?
 Both are bound and cemented by strong chords;
 Hymen's chains, tho' they gall, yet with ecstacy strike,
 Exactly like discords and concords:

Like hooting of owls and of bats on the wing,
 Strife all wedding happiness garbles,
 But when hearts born for pleasure in unison sing,
 'Tis the mellow-ton'd nightingale warbles.

II.

When the wife or the husband a note sounds too sharp;
 In alt both immediately soar;
 On family discords they mutually harp,
 Nor will either come down a note lower.

They like, &c.

III.

All harmony's powers in wedlock we trace,
 Dutch harmony, not Italiano;

She thunders the counter, he grumbles the bass,
And the children squall out the soprano.

They like, &c.

BALLAD.

IN THE ODDITIES.

ALAS where shall I comfort find?

My peace is gone, distressed my mind;

My heart beats high,

I know not why,

Poor heart! ah me, ah me!

So tender, artless, and so young,

I listened to his flatt'ring tongue,

Nor did I e'er

Suspect a snare

From one who went to sea.

For sailors kind and honest are,

They injured virtue make their care,

One, only one, did e'er depart

From that prov'd rule, and lie,

Ah me!

Was born to break my simple heart.

Alas, &c.

When absent from my longing arms,
 Each hour was fraught with new alarms,
 Each rising morn beheld my tears,
 The softest breeze in my fond fears
 Did the horizon straight deform,
 And Zephyr grew into a storm :
 Yet to be cheated of my bliss,
 And was I then so kind for this ?

Alas, &c.

BALLAD.

IN THE ODDITIES.

How much I love thee girl would'it know
 Better than rosin loves the bow,
 Than treble shrill the growling bass,
 Or spruce guitars a tawdry case.

No more then let us solo play,
 To Hymen's temple jig away,
 There, when we get
 In a duet,
 Of pleasure will we take our swing,
 Joy's fiddles shall play,
 Love's bells shall ring :

And, while we celebrate the day,
We'll frisk away,
And laugh and play,
And dance and sing,
And frisk away like any thing.

II.

I love thee more, I really think,
Than dancers jigs, or fiddlers drink;
Than dancing-masters love a kit,
Or jolly failors fal dral tit.

No more then, &c.

III.

I love thee Griddy, oh much more,
Than fingers love a loud encore,
Than curates crowdies love to scratch,
Or roaring drunkards love a catch.

No more then, &c.

BALLAD.

IN THE ODDITIES.

THE wind was hush'd, the fleecy wave
 Scarcely the vessel's fides could lave,
 When in the mizen top his stand
 Tom Clueline taking, spied the land.

Oh what reward for all his toil!
 Once more he views his native soil,
 Once more he thanks indulgent fate,
 That brings him to his bonny Kate.

II.

Soft as the sighs of Zephyr flow,
 Tender and plaintive as her woe,
 Serene was the attentive eve,
 That heard Tom's bonny Kitty grieve.

' Oh what avails,' cried she, ' my pain?
 ' He's swallow'd in the greedy main :
 ' Ah never shall I welcome home,
 ' With tender joy, my honest Tom.'

III.

Now high upon the faithful shroud,
The land awhile that seemed a cloud,
While objects from the mist arise,
A feast presents Tom's longing eyes.

A ribband near his heart which lay,
Now see him on his hat display,
The given sign to shew that fate
Had brought him safe to bonny Kate.

IV.

Near to a cliff whose heights command
A prospect of the shelly strand,
While Kitty fate and fortune blamed,
Sudden, with rapture, she exclaimed,

‘ But see, oh heaven! a ship in view,
‘ My Tom appears among the crew,
‘ The pledge he swore to bring safe home,
‘ Streams on his hat—’tis honest Tom.

V.

What now remains were easy told,
Tom comes, his pockets lined with gold,
Now rich enough no more to roam,
To serve his king, he stays at home;

Recounts each toil, and shews each scar,
 While Kitty and her constant tar
 With rev'rence teach to bless their fates
 Young honest Toms and bonny Kates.

BALLAD.

IN THE ODDITIES.

WHY I be squire Ned of Gobble-hall,
 I be come to London town with father,
 And they that little I a goose goes to call,
 Should call me a fox much rather.

I be silent and fly,
 And cunning and dry,
 And with a hawk's eye
 To watch what's said and done am ready;
 So they that goes to hope
 To hang me for a fool,
 Will find in the rope
 A knave, that he wool:
 So you never must
 To faces trust,

For I be fly,
And queer, and dry,
And they that thinks to make a fool of I,
Are all deceived in little Neddy.

II.

When the comely captain on his knees I find,
Who to mother has vowed and has kifs'd her,
Why 'tis nothing more than kind after kind,
For the dancing-master kiffes sister :

So they thinks me to chouse,
While I goes about the house,
As tame as a mouse,
By the nick name of simple Teddy ;
But 'tis all one to me
If, in day time, d'ye see,
They meets their spark,
I kifs maids in the dark,
So you never must
To faces trust, &c.

III.

If father be in love with a bouncing dame,
Thinking I be a lout and no better,
And spells me out good madam's name,
And gives me a guinea and a letter,

What does I do d'ye think ?

To myself while I wink,

I pockets the chink,

Burns the letter and makes love to the lady:

So down to the ground

I tricks them all round,

Pretty sister and mamma,

And my reverend pappa:

So you never must

To faces trust, &c.

BALLAD.

IN THE ODDITIES.

BEN Backstay lov'd the gentle Anna,

Constant as purity was she,

Her honey words, like succ'ring manna,

Cheer'd him each voyage he made to sea.

One fatal morning saw them parting,

While each the other's sorrow dried,

They, by the tear that then was starting,

Vow'd to be constant till they died.

II.

At distance from his Anna's beauty,
While howling winds the sky deform,
Ben sighs, and well performs his duty,
And braves for love the frightful storm :

Alas in vain the vessel batter'd,
On a rock splitting, opens wide,
While lacerated, torn, and shatter'd,
Ben thought of Anna, sigh'd, and died.

III.

The semblance of each charming feature,
That Ben had worn around his neck,
Where art stood substitute for nature,
A tar, his friend, saved from the wreck.
In fervent hope, while Anna burning,
Blush'd as she wish'd to be a bride,
The portrait came, joy turn'd to mourning,
She saw, grew pale, sunk down, and died!

BALLAD.

IN THE ODDITIES.

Abergavney is fine, Aberistwith also,
 And the lasses it is fine when to market they go;
 The birds and the pretty finches sing fine in the grove,
 But the finest bird of all is that little rogue luff.
 Luff me I pray you now, luff me as your life,
 And Taffy and Griddy shall soon be man and wife.

II.

The mountains are high, and the fallies are low,
 And from Radnor to Glamorgan's a long fay to co;
 But I'd co and I'd run, and I'd fly, and I rove,
 If when I came there I should meet with my luff.
 Luff me, &c.

III.

Toil and labour is hard, and the time's very long,
 From the lark's pretty chant to the nightingale's song,
 But I'd toil and I'd labour throughout the whole year,
 And think it a day were I blest with my dear.

Luff me, &c.

BALLAD.

IN THE ODDITIES.

RESPLENDENT gleam'd the ample moon,
Reflected on the glitt'ring lee,
The bell proclaim'd night's awful noon,
And scarce a ripple shook the sea,
When thus, for sailors, nature's care,
What education has denied,
Are of strong sense, a bounteous share,
By observation well supplied.

While thus in bold and honest guise,
For wisdom mov'd his tongue,
Drawing from wisdom comfort's drop,
In truth and fair reflection wise,
Right cheerfully sung
Little Ben that keeps his watch in the main top:

II.

Why should the hardy tar complain?
'Tis certain true he weathers more:
From dangers on the roaring main,
Than lazy lubbers do ashore.

Ne'er let the noble mind despair,
 Though roaring seas run mountains high,
 All things are built with equal care,
 First rate or wherry, man or fly :

If there's a power that never errs,
 And certainly 'tis so,
 For honest hearts what comforts drop,
 As well as kings and emperors,
 Why not take in tow
 Little Ben that keeps his watch in the main top ?

What though to distant climes I roam,
 Far from my darling Nancy's charms,
 The sweeter is my welcome home,
 To blissful moorings in her arms.
 Perhaps she on that sober moon
 A lover's observation takes,
 And longs that little Ben may soon
 Relieve that heart which sorely aches.
 Ne'er fear, that power that never errs,
 That guards all things below,
 For honest hearts what comforts drop,
 As well as kings and emperors,
 Will surely take in tow
 Little Ben that keeps his watch in the main top.

BALLAD.

IN THE ODDITIES:

CROWN me Bacchus, mighty god,
The victory is thine,
Cupid's bow yields to thy rod,
And love submits to wine:

Love, the dream of idle boys,
That makes the sage an ass,
Love cannot vie with those sweet joys
That crown the sparkling glass.

II.

To plunge in care let lovers whine,
Such fools who will be may,
Good fellows glass in hand combine
To drive pale care away:
With grief of heart, how many a boy
Goes mad to please some lass!
We too go mad, but 'tis with joy,
Fired by the sparkling glass.

III.

How many dangle on a tree
 Who buckle to love's tether,
 True to our honest purpose we
 Hang too, but 'tis together :

The lover numbers by his sighs
 The moments as they pass,
 We count them in a way more wise,
 By putting round the glass.

IV.

See in his cage the lover sing,
 Wife, children, squall sonorous,
 We make the air and glasses ring,
 While singing freedom's chorus :

No never shall presumptuous love
 The joys of wine surpass,
 Worn out by bickerings, even Jove
 Seeks Bacchus and his glass.

III.

Alexander the great, at his banquet who drank hard,
 When he no more words could subdue,

BALLAD.

IN THE ODDITIES.

Of the ancients is't speaking my soul you be after,
 Dat they never got how come you so?
 Would you fariously make the good folks die with
 laughter?
 To be sure their dog's tricks we don't know.

Wid your smalliliow nonsense, and all your queer bod-
 derns,
 Since whisky's a liquor divine,
 Do be sure the old ancients, as well as the moderns,
 Did not love a fly sup of good wine.

II.

Apicius and Æsop, as authors assure us,
 Would swig till as drunk as a beast,
 Den what do you think of that rogue Epicurus?
 Was not he a tight hand at a feast.

Wid your smallilow, &c.

III.

Alexander the great, at his banquets who drank hard,
 When he no more worlds could subdue,

Shed tears to be sure, but 'twas tears of the tankard,
To refresh him—and pray would not you?

Wid your smalliliow, &c.

IV.

Den that tother old fellow they call Aristotle,
Such a devil of a tipler was he,
That one night, having taken too much of his bottle,
The taef staggered into the sea.

Wid your smalliliow, &c.

Den they made what they called of their wine a libation,
Which, as all authority quotes,
They threw on the ground, musfa what boderation,
To be sure 'twas not thrown down their throats.

Wid your smalliliow, &c.

BALLAD.

IN THE ODDITIES.

I fail'd from the Downs in the Nancy,
My jib how she smack'd through the breeze,
She's a vessel as tight to my fancy
As ever fail'd on the salt seas.

So adieu to the white cliffs of Briton,
Our girls, and our dear native shore,
For if some hard rock we should split on,
We shall never see them any more.

But sailor's were born for all weathers,
Great guns let it blow high, blow low,
Our duty keeps us to our tethers,
And where the gale drives we must go.

II.

When we entered the gut of Gibraltar,
I verily thought she'd have sunk,
For the wind so began for to alter,
She yaw'd just as thof she was drunk.

The squall tore the mainfail to shivers,
Helm a weather the hoarse boatswain cries,

Brace the foresail athwart, see the quivers,
As before the rough tempest she flies.

But sailors, &c.

III.

The storm came on thicker and faster,
As black just as pitch was the sky,
When truly a doleful disaster
Beset three poor sailors and I.

Ben Buntline, Sam Shroud, and Dick Handfail,
By a blast that came furious and hard,
Just while we were furling the mainsail,
Were every soul swept from the yard.

But sailors, &c.

IV.

Poor Ben, Sam, and Dick cried peccavi,
As for I, at the risk of my neck,
While they sunk down in peace to old Davy,
Caught a rope, and so landed on deck.

Well what would you have, we were stranded,
And out of a fine jolly crew
Of three hundred that failed, never landed
But I and I think twenty-two.

But sailors, &c

After thus we at sea had miscarried,
Another guess way fat the wind,
For to England I came and got married,
To a lass that was comely and kind;

But whether for joy or vexation
We know not for what we were born,
Perhaps I may find a kind station,
Perhaps I may touch at Cape Horn.

But sailors, &c.

BALLAD.

IN THE ODDITIES.

SURE 'ent the world a masquerade,
Wid shrugs and queer grimaces,
Where all mankind a roaring trade
Drive underneath bare faces?

Pray don't the lover, let me ask,
Hid by a fascine battery,
Steal hearts away? and what's his mask?
To be sure it is not flattery.

Then join the general masquerade,
That men and manners traces,
To be sure the best masks dat are made
For cheating 'ent bare faces.

II.

Weigh yonder lawyer—I'll be bail,
So able are his talents,
The devil himself, in t' other scale,
Would quickly kick the balance.

See that friar to a novice preach,
To holiness to win her;
Their masks dropt off, what are they each?
He a taef and she a finner.

To be sure they 'ent, &c.

III.

For her husband see yon widow cry,
She'll never have another;
By my soul she weeps wid but one eye,
For she's leering wid the tother.

Yon courtier see, who, in a crack,
Will promise fifty places,

By my foul his friends scarce turn their back
 But he laughs before their faces.
 To be sure he don't, &c.

BALLAD.

IN THE ODDITIES.

DEAR Yanko say, and true he say,
 All mankind, one and t'other,
 Negro, mulatto, and malay,
 Through all de world be broder.

In black, in yellow, what disgrace,
 That scandal fo he use 'em?
 For dere no virtue in de face,
 De virtue in the bosom.

Dear Yanko say, &c.

II.

What harm dere in a shape or make?
 What harm in ugly feature?
 Whatever colour, form, he take,
 The heart make human creature.

Then black and copper both be friend,
 No colour he bring beauty,
 For beauty Yanko say attend
 On him who do him duty.

Dear Yanko say, &c.

BALLAD.

IN THE ODDITIES.

I'm jolly Dick the lamplighter,
 They says the sun's my dad,
 And truly I believe it, fir,
 For I'm a pretty lad.

Father and I the world delight,
 And make it look so gay,
 The difference is I lights by night,
 And father lights by day.

II.

But father's not the likes of I
 For knowing life and fun,
 For I queer tricks and fancies spy
 Folks never shew the fun:

Rogues, owls, and bats can't bear the light,
 I've heard your wise ones say,
 And so d'ye mind I sees at night
 Things never seen by day.

III.

At night men lay aside all art,
 As quite a useless talk,
 And many a face, and many a heart
 Will then pull off the mask ;

Each formal prude and holy wight
 Will throw disguise away,
 And sin it openly all night,
 Who fainted it all day.

IV.

His darling hoard the miser views,
 Misses from friends decamp,
 And many a statesman mischief brews
 To his country o'er his lamp :

So father and I, d'ye take me right,
 Are just on the same lay,
 I bare-fac'd sinners light by night,
 And he false faints by day.

BALLAD.

IN THE ODDITIES.

SWEET is the dew-drop on the thorn,
 That, like a prism, reflects the morn;
 Sweet is the cheering solar ray,
 That compasses the ample day:

Sweet is the balmy evening's close,
 That shuts the foliage of the rose:
 These to creation joys impart
 Like those which warm the grateful heart.

II.

The little songsters on the spray
 Spontaneous chant their grateful lay,
 Or, to the pebbly rivulet driven,
 They sip, and lift their heads to heaven;

Or for the worm or insect fly,
 To feed their craving progeny:
 Feelings a lesson that impart
 To stimulate the grateful heart.

III.

Mark vegetation, wond'rous sight!
See how the germe breaks into light!
The fruitful shower the tree receives,
And fresher green adorns its leaves:

Man cultivates the grateful soil,
And flowers and fruit reward his toil;
Plants, birds, all nature thus impart
Joys such as warm the grateful heart.

SONG.

IN THE ODDITIES.

First chuse a pretty melody,

To take in all the flats:

Then change your drift,

And suddenly

Prepare to shift

The key;

Then growl

Like dogs, and miowl

Like cats:

216 DIBDIN'S SELECTED SONGS.

Then chatter like monkeys—now low, and now high
 Then whine, and then sigh,
 And all through the nose,
 And then swim and die,
 And then come to a close.

Among the flats and sharps now a tedious journey travel,
 Then lose yourself in knots of chords,

And then those knots unravel:

Then sigh, and die,
 And faint in bliss extatic,

And then the half tones try,
 For a touch of the chromatic.

Then where you set out come again,
 And now—you're welcome home again.

Then once more the melody,
 To take in all the flats:

Then change your drift,

And suddenly
 Prepare to shift

The key,
 Then growl

Like dogs, and miowl

Like cats:

Then chatter like monkeys—now low, and now high,
 And all through the nose;

And then swim and die,

And then come to a close.

Yet not shabbily,
But with a fine contabile,
In which go high and low boy,
Still followed by the hautboy,
And all through the nose,
And then swim and die,
And then come to a close.

BALLAD.

IN THE WHIM OF THE MOMENT.

I am the world's epitome,
Look round it, and then say,
Nature and man may fit to me,
Their likeness to pourtray :
As nature, in her motley round,
Oft shifts from day to night,
So fickle man is varying found,
Still changing wrong and right.
The application's prompt and ripe,
I of all nature am the type,
So turn me round,
I shall be found,

From right to left, and left to right,
 Look how you will,
 To vary still,
 From white to black, and black to white.

II.

Do but that learned counsel see,
 Who proves that wrong is right,
 And presently, augment his fee,
 His argument takes right:
 And now unswearing what he swore,
 The burden of his song
 Reverses what he said before,
 And proves that right is wrong.
 The application's prompt and ripe,
 I of that lawyer am the type:
 For turn me round, &c.

III.

Behold yon lordly statesman frown,
 At mention of a bribe,
 As if disgrace it had brought down
 On him and all his tribe:
 But left behind, he'll instant seize
 Upon the well-fill'd sack,

Nor could the strength of Hercules
Have power to get it back.

The application's prompt and ripe,
I of that statesman am the type:
For turn me round, &c.

IV.

When basking in prosperity,
Each friend to serve you burns,
And boasting his sincerity,
The smiling white side turns:
But let uncertain fortune frown,
And take her blessings back,
Instant the friendly white is flown,
And every man looks black.

The application's prompt and ripe,
I of all nature am the type:
For turn me round, &c.

Behold you lordly statesman frown,
At mention of a rhyme,
As if disgrace it had brought down
On him and all his tribe;
But lest behind, he'll instant take
Upon the wall, still a lack.

For in sight of their lances, I'll say't to their face,
 I toy as much as you will, but no priest shall say grace.

BALLAD.

IN THE WHIM OF THE MOMENT.

WHAT a plague cried young Colin would Chloë be at:
 I ne'er will be caught in a noose:
 Odds wounds I'm resolved, and who'd wager 'gainst
 that,
 Were it even a guinea, he'd lose.
 I told the young baggage, says I, to her face,
 Toy as much as you will, but no priest shall say grace.

Cry'd young Thyrsis, pray Colin this blustering hold,
 What you've utter'd is only through fear;
 In the absence of danger all cowards feel bold,
 But you'd soon change your tone were she near:
 She has honour and truth, and I say't to your face,
 With her you'll ne'er toy till the priest shall say grace.

III.

Away then cried Colin a soldier I'll go,
 In each quarter to find out a wife;
 I'll roar and I'll rant, rake a little, or so,
 But no one shall snap me for life;

For in spight of their fancies, I'll say't to their face,
Toy as much as you will, but no priest shall say grace.

IV.

As he utter'd those words, charming Chloe came by,
Unaffected and lovely as May;
Adieu then poor Colin, cried she, with a sigh,
While the sun shines begone and make hay.
Cried Thyrsis, 'd'ye hear! you may well hide your face!
With such beauty would'st toy till the priest should say
grace.

V.

Odd rot it, cried Colin, woot let me alone,
With vexation my heart how it boils;
Why for her peace of mind I would forfeit my own;
Woot forgive me sweet Chloe?—She smiles!
See, see glad consent lightens up in her face!
Then let us to church, where the priest shall say grace.

Away then cried Colin a soldier I'll go,
In each quarter to find out a wife;
I'll rot and I'll rant, take a little, or so,
But no one shall trap me for life.

BALLAD.

IN THE WHIM OF THE MOMENT.

WHAT thof I be a country clown,
 For all the fufs that you make,
 One need not to be born in town
 To know what two and two make:
 'Squire Fop there thinks his empty pate
 Worth all ours put together,
 But how can that have any weight
 That's only made of feather.
 Then duont ye be fo proud, d'ye fee,
 It 'ent a thing that's fuiting;
 Can one than t' other better be
 When both are on a footing?

II.

Now here's a man who feaſ and land
 Has dreamt that he can croſs over,
 That all the world's at his command,
 For he's a great philoſopher;
 That to each ſecret he no bars
 E'er finds but can unlock it,

And conjure down the moon and stars,
And put them in his pocket:

But when you've caught him where's the prize
So mighty to the getter?

For fartin he can make us wise,

But can he make us better?

My lady there, because she's dress'd

In lappets, frills, and flounces,

See how with pride her flutt'ring breast

Throbs, heaves, and jumps, and bounces.

And then 'tis said they makes a face

New spick and span each feature,

As if they thought that a disgrace

That's ready made by nature.

The money for a head so high,

Such scollops and such carving,

Would keep an honest family

A month or more from starving.

As for the doctors and their pill,

Odds waunds I can't endure them,

For fartin they their patients kill
More oftner than they cure them.

And as for master poet here,
Who writes for fame and glory,

I thinks as he's a little queer
Poor soul in the upper story.

I've yet another wipe to spare,
For waunds I'll give no quarter,
Next time you'd find a fool, take care,
You do not catch a tarter.

BALLAD.

IN THE WHIM OF THE MOMENT.

To look upon dress, upon shew, upon birth,
As the noblest distinctions of life,
On riches as all that give pleasure on earth,
And that only cure sorrow and strife,

And though to the maxims one might say *quoi bon*,
Yet this is the life of a lady of ton.

Stale virtue and vice to erase from their list,

Those of life make a pitiful part,

Things certainly in people's mouths that exist,

But have nothing to do with the heart:

To maxims like these one may well say *quoi bon*,

Yet this is the life of a lady of ton.

III.

Upon prudence as vulgar, and honesty low,

On each man of merit a brute,

As an angel, an ape, or, 'tis all one, a beau,

Dressed out in an elegant suit:

To maxims like these one may well say *quoi bon*,

Yet this is the life of a lady of ton.

IV.

To be short—in a church as the best place to make

Appointments, or charms to display;

And the time most commode of all others to take,

On Sunday, for cheating at play,

These maxims 'tis certain *ne sont pas trop bon*,

Yet this is the life of a lady of ton.

BALLAD.

IN THE WHIM OF THE MOMENT.

I was, d'ye see, a waterman,
 As tight and spruce as any,
 'Twixt Richmond town
 And Horsley down
 I earn'd an honest penny :

None could of fortune's favours brag
 More than could lucky I,
 My cot was snug, well fill'd my bag,
 My grunter in the sty.
 With wherry tight
 And bosom light
 I cheerfully did row,
 And, to complete this princely life,
 Sure never man had friend and wife
 Like my Poll and my partner Joe.

II.

I roll'd in joys like these awhile,
 Folks far and near carest'd me,
 Till, woe is me,
 So lubberly
 The prefs-gang came and prefs'd me :

How could I all these pleasures leave ?

How with my wherry part ?

I never so took on to grieve,

It wrung my very heart.

But when on board

They gave the word

To foreign parts to go,

I rued the moment I was born,

That ever I should thus be torn

From my Poll and my partner Joe.

III.

I did my duty manfully,

While on the billows rolling,

And night or day

Could find my way.

Blindfold to the main-top bowling :

Thus all the dangers of the main,

Quickfands, and gales of wind,

I brav'd, in hopes to taste again

The joys I left behind :

In climes afar,

The hottest war,

Pour'd broadsides on the foe,

In hopes these perils to relate,

As by my side attentive fate,

My Poll and my partner Joe.

At last it pleas'd his majesty
 To give peace to the nation,
 And honest hearts,
 From foreign parts,
 Came home for consolation :

Like lightning—for I felt new life,
 Now safe from all alarms—
 I rush'd, and found my friend and wife
 Lock'd in each others arms!
 Yet fancy not
 I bore my lot
 Tame, like a lubber:—No,
 For seeing I was finely trick'd,
 Plump to the devil I fairly kick'd
 My Poll and my partner Joe.

BALLAD.

COTCHELIN sat all alone,
 Devil a soul beside her,
 While from Taddy, who was gone,
 Oceans did divide her;
 His pipes, which she'd been used to hear,
 Careless left behind him,
 She thought she'd try, her woes to cheer,
 Till once again she'd find him.

'Twill not do, you loodle loo,
Arrah now be aefy,
Tad was born with grief to make
Cotchelin run crazy.

II.

She takes them up and lays them down,
And now her bosom's panting ;
And now she'd sigh, and now she'd frown,
Caze why? dere's something wanting :
And now she plays the pipes again,
The pipes of her dear Taddy,
And makes them tune his favourite strain,
Arrah be aefy Paddy :
Ah 'twill not do, you loodle leo,
Arrah now be aefy,
Tad was born with grief to make
Cotchelin run crazy.

III.

Taddy from behind a bush,
Where he'd long been listening,
Now like light'ning forth did rush,
His eyes with pleasure glistening :
Snatching up the pipes, he play'd,
Pouring out his pleasure,

While half delighted, half afraid,

Pat the time did measure:

Ah well will do this loodle loo,

Arrah now be aefy,

Tad was born with joy to make

Cotchelin run crazy.

BALLAD.

IN THE ODDITIES.

HERE, a sheer hulk, lies poor Tom Bowling,

The darling of our crew;

No more he'll hear the tempest howling,

For death has broach'd him to.

His form was of the manliest beauty,

His heart was kind and soft,

Faithful below he did his duty,

And now he's gone aloft.

II.

Tom never from his word departed,

His virtues were so rare,

His friends were many, and true hearted,
His Poll was kind and fair :

And then he'd sing so blithe and jolly,

Ah many's the time and oft !

But mirth is turn'd to melancholy,

For Tom is gone aloft.

III.

Yet shall poor Tom find pleasant weather,

When he who all commands

Shall give, to call life's crew together,

The word to pipe all hands.

Thus death, who kings and tars despatches,

In vain Tom's life has doff'd ;

For, though his body's under hatches,

His soul is gone aloft.

THE END.

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